UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY

VOLUME VIII, 1938-9

Editorial Committee

A. S. P. WOODHOUSE (*Chairman*)

E. K. BROWN A. BRADY

Business Manager

A. GORDON BURNS

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

General Dept. Exchange Desk
X Per U58T
v. 8 1938-39

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME VIII, 1938-9

No. 1, October, 1938

Canadian Poetry—Past and Present.....E. J. PRATT 1
Wolfe to the Duke of Richmond: Unpublished Letters
P. L. CARVER 11
Proletarian Fiction in England.....CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG 41
Avenues of Approach to the English Bible
Sir ROBERT FALCONER 56
Mr Eliot and Some Enemies.....E. K. BROWN 69
The Dialectical Humanism of Thomas Mann..A. F. B. CLARK 85
Canada's Foreign Policy.....MARVIN B. GELBER 106

Reviews
A Philosophy of "Humanism".....C. W. HENDEL 114
Studies in Canadian Disunity.....FRANK H. UNDERHILL 118
The Victorians and Ourselves.....R. K. GORDON 122

No. 2, January, 1939

Canadian Poetry—A Minority Report.....A. J. M. SMITH 125
Shakespeare's Jew.....ELMER EDGAR STOLL 139
The Evolution of the Civil Service.....W. D. SHARP 155
Comparative Literature: Its Meaning and Scope...J. S. WILL 165
Primitive Monotheism and the Religion of Moses
THEOPHILE J. MEEK 180
How Fascism Came to Austria.....CHARLES A. GULICK, JR. 198
Puritanism and Poetry: Samuel Gott.....J. MAX PATRICK 211

Reviews
Robert Laird Borden.....A. BRADY 227
The Canadians.....ERIC A. WALKER 234
Puritanism and Liberty.....ERNEST BARKER 238
Canadian-American Friendship.....JOHN P. HUMPHREY 242

370775

No. 3, April, 1939

Canada's Last War—and the Next ..... C. P. Stacey 247
A Poet Young and Old—W. B. Yeats ..... A. J. M. Smith 255
Gerard Hopkins and His Influence ..... Laurence Binyon 264
America and the Next War—An Isolationist's Estimate
C. Hartley Grattan 271
Royal Commissions in the Dominion: A Note on Current Political Practice ..... A. Brady 284
Letters in Canada: 1938. Part I.
Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse
English-Canadian Letters
Introduction 293
I. Poetry ..... E. K. Brown 293
II. Fiction ..... J. R. MacGillivray 301
III. Drama ..... W. S. Milne 313
IV. Remaining Material ..... The Editor 318
Lists of Publications 348

No. 4, July, 1939

The Unexpurgated *Mein Kampf* ..... Herbert L. Stewart 385
Recent Trends in Historical Thought ..... R. Flenley 394
That Shepherd, Who First Taught the Chosen Seed: A Note on Milton's Mosaic Inspiration .. James Holly Hanford 403
Literary Criticism in Canada ..... Pelham Edgar 420
Elizabeth and the Apprenticeship of Parliament
Goldwin Smith 431
The Oresteia of Aeschylus ..... E. T. Owen 440
Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, and the South Slavic Problem in 1848-9 ..... H. Malcolm Macdonald 452

Reviews
Pope and the Tides of Taste ..... A. S. P. Woodhouse 461
Matthew Arnold ..... Howard F. Lowry 467
Physics and Philosophy ..... Frank Allen 469
The Two-Handed Engine ..... A. E. Barker 472

Letters in Canada: 1938. Part II.
Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse
V. French-Canadian Letters ..... Felix Walter 478
VI. New-Canadian Letters ..... Watson Kirkconnell 490
Lists of Publications 494

CANADIAN POETRY—PAST AND PRESENT

E. J. Pratt

THIS article is essentially a record of the difficulty and embarrassment in selecting a title which would not presuppose too much or too little for the subject. In order to avoid duplication, an index of the specific field was consulted, which was found to contain such ominous captions as "Some *Animadversions* on Canadian Poetry;" "The *Plight* of the Poetic Craft in This Country;" "Pegasus in Need of the Spur;" "The *Drift* of Canadian Verse;" and other titles which prejudged the issue by innuendo in word and phrase. They savoured somewhat of the attitude of a critic who, his mind a blank on the subject, but at least technically complying with the needs of a curriculum, commenced his series of ten lectures with the announcement—"Canadian literature: it doesn't exist."

That such a prejudice is part of the mental lumber of many reviewers cannot be denied. The source of it is harder to determine. It may spring out of a proverbial suspicion of the home-bred product and a willingness to accept and garnish any mediocrity provided it is produced by a foreign loom, or out of the feeling of Olympian detachment in which the critic will not judge anything beneath the measurement of his celestial yardstick. It is a very self-flattering point of view. He has been nurtured on the best of all ages. He has fought with Achilles, travelled with Aeneas, wept with Niobe, and sulked with Hamlet. He has seen swans and heard nightingales. So he asks—Where are Mattagami, Tantramar, and the Basin of Minas? Who was Tecumseh? What are wolverines and veeries and chicadees? Why the laughter of loons? He has heard of little Nell, but who is little Bateese? Criticism of this character may act as a preservative but hardly as a ferment. It is generally hostile or indifferent to anything in the contemporary world, and it is a safe guess that the traditional masterpieces now held in refrigeration would never have been discovered by members of such a celibate order.

At the other pole are those who, with little root in the cultural past, glorify the native blooms out of patriotic fervour—who think that poetry attains its finest expression in rhapsodies at civic anniversaries or in national anthems. The bard and the booster belong to the same species. Artistic values are determined by

370775

personal, historical, and political fallacies. Poetry here is the art of creating slogans.

Canadian poetry has been caught between the frost of the first and the heat of the second. What it needs is the support of temperate judicial opinion to observe and estimate its growth. It is quite true that the country has not produced poets or poetic movements which may compare with the close of the sixteenth, or the beginning of the nineteenth, century in England, but what modern country has done so? Shakespeare and Shelley are not sprouting from the Canadian maples, but neither are they from the English hedges. Nevertheless, considering the age of the country, its population, the absorption of its energies in physical maintenance, the leavened mass of the production can stand up well with that of the United States, and with that of England since Tennyson. It is not an extravagance to claim that, although no existing anthology has done it, one could be produced to contest the position of the *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, edited by William Butler Yeats. It is only the copyright hurdles which bar the way.

The refusal to consider any works but masterpieces has a deterrent action on the growth of any literature. It not only blocks the rise of minor poetry but tends to prevent the rise of the masterpiece. It is based on a false idea of the afflatus, that "flame-images glare in" on the soul of the genius and somehow, sometime, somewhere, eternal ultimates shine forth to enlighten the mind of humanity. The lonely brooding spirit, generating his own steam in silence and abstraction, is a rare spirit, if indeed he ever existed, and as far as one may gather from scientific discussions on the point, there is no biological analogy for this kind of incubation. Rather, the mountains come to birth out of the foothills and the climbing lesser ranges. The occasional instance, cited in literary history, of personal isolation ignores the context of spiritual companionship with books and causes and movements. It would be a more profitable matter to investigate the healthy influence of Clubs and Taverns upon productivity, with their socialization of energies and purposes towards common ends, and the inevitable drive which the "big fellows" received from their competitors of the second and third ranks.

It is therefore no depreciation of the Canadian output to say that it is minor when stacked up against the English pyramids. The just comparison is to take the poets of the last fifty years and

let them rub shoulders with their American and English cousins. The comparison holds mainly with the poets, for, whatever encouragement to production there may be for the future in the national festivals and trophies, the native dramatists (with one exception and he is out of the country) are just trying out their toddling paces between father and mother. Fiction has a better record, but even here the honours are divided among a very small number of living novelists, only one of whom may be said to possess a big international reputation. The analysis, accordingly, must be limited to verse.

In any classification of schools and movements in Canadian poetry, attention should primarily be focused upon "the group of the 'sixties"—a group of eight to ten poets, all born within two or three years of one another, of whom the most notable were C. G. D. Roberts (1860), Carman and Lampman (1861), and Duncan Campbell Scott (1862). Whatever may be the biases and revolts of the present generation, whatever the tastes and interests derived, as likely as not, from non-literary springs, the period has yet to come which can equal in form and substance the aggregate production of these four. Much has been said, accompanied by derogatory shrugs, about the derivative character of some of their work: that the idyllic sensuousness of the Acadian landscapes reproduced the old Arcadian properties; that spiritual *emigrés* from the Trossachs and the Lake District took excursions through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to breathe transcendental sighs over the vales and marshes. There is more superciliousness than truth in this attitude. That Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, and Rossetti are traceable atmospherically in the work of this school means little more than that Aeschylus, Shakespeare, Milton, and Rousseau fertilized the thought of the first half of the nineteenth century. The relevant point is that in two decades following 1881, the English-speaking world was compelled to acknowledge for the first time the existence of a national consciousness making itself heard and felt through a Canadian literature. And for the first time adequately a nature poetry came into being. The claim is made for nature poetry only. The larger human currents, the democratic visions, the creative impulses at work on myths and national origins are not so pronounced. We have not produced a Whitman or a Yeats, but in the field, immense in its own right, of natural description and interpretation, the poets of this school have nothing to concede to

the work of the English poets during the same period, and certainly nothing to the writers of New England over a period twice as long.

The representative offerings before this time were thin and papery in comparison. Take two selections from poems often quoted and often praised in the name of the Muses—Sangster's *Lyric to the Isles* and Mair's *Fire-Flies*. There must have been weeping on Helicon when this stanza to Beauty was penned:

> Here the spirit of beauty dwelleth
> In each palpitating tree,
> In each amber wave that welleth
> From its home beneath the sea;
> In the moss upon the granite,
> In each calm, secluded bay,
> With the zephyr trains that fan it
> With their sweet breath all the day.
> On the waters, on the shore,
> Beauty dwelleth evermore.

And Mair's *Fire-Flies*, rich enough in detail, is full of "emerald sheen," "sylphids," "dreamy glass," "bounteous rain," "tremulous lights," which "gleam like trailing stars then sink adown." Here is the painful interrogation at the end:

> Where is thy home? On what strange food dost feed,
> Thou fairy hunter of the moonless night?
> From what far nectar'd fount, or flowery mead,
> Glean'st thou, by witching spells, thy sluicy light?

Contrast this with selections taken almost at random from the collected volumes of the leaders in the Canadian Renaissance, where bird and animal life, flowers, trees, marshes, and lakes are made visible or audible by artists who are at once painters and musicians.

> Broad shadows fall. On all the mountain side
> The scythe-swept fields are silent. Slowly home
> By the long beach the high-piled hay carts come,
> Splashing the pale salt shallows. Over wide
> Fawn-coloured wastes of mud the slipping tide,
> Round the dun rocks and wattled fisheries,
> Creeps murmuring in. And now by twos and threes,
> O'er the slow spreading pools with clamorous chide,
> Belated crows from strip to strip take flight.
> Soon will the first star shine; yet ere the night
> Reach onward to the pale-green distances,
> The sun's last shaft beyond the gray sea-floor
> Still dreams upon the Kamouraska shore,
> And the long line of golden villages.
>
> . . .

A vireo turns his slow
Cadence, as if he gloated
Over the last phrase he floated;
Each one he moulds and mellows
Matching it with his fellows:
So have you noted
How the oboe croons,
The canary-throated,
In the gloom of the violoncellos
And bassoons.

. . .

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by,
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters on the hills.

The new poets went after Nature in dead earnest until by the time they had finished with her there wasn't a recess or a ligament in her anatomy left unexposed. They were naturalists in the best sense of the term—exploratory, microscopic, their observation informed with interpretative vision. Canada in its central and eastern provinces is known through their work just as accurately as it is revealed through the records of the geographers, zoologists, and botanists, and this assertion is a tribute because any poetic fire is but a flickering thing at the best when there is not an abundance of good solid material to burn.

* * * * *

What, then, is the present outlook? What are the influences shaping the thought of the younger generation? How far does contemporary poetry reflect contemporary life with its daily-changing horizons, its cockpits, its chess-boards, and its mortality statistics? Does it show a tendency to plunge into the arenas, to enlist its pen for causes or to seek calm in nature communion, in ivory towers of introspection and Anglo-Catholic retreats. I can answer such questions imperfectly and only through the examination of several thousand poems and letters which have come into the editorial office of the *Canadian Poetry Magazine* in the last three years.

The first impression is that there are ten million versifiers in this Dominion, all clamouring for self-expression and, what is far worse, for publication, and most of them extremely sensitive with regard to the critical reception of their spiritual babies. They demand for them immunity from the world's blasts and predict for them

immortality. As such parents violently repudiate the suggestion of birth-control and abhor the advice given, I think, by Quiller-Couch—"Fathers, learn to strangle your darlings," we can realize what an appalling arithmetic must be faced by Canadian editors. Of this number, needless to say, the overwhelming proportion pass out through rickets and anaemia. Many enjoy a fugitive appearance in newspapers; some live a little longer in chapbooks; a few hundred get inside cloth covers, and a few score inside the anthologies. Nine and a large fraction out of every ten in the astronomical total belong to the sentimental type, uttering little stomach cries, toying with fragile illusions, or whispering the consolation wafted into their souls by the *zephyrs*. Poetic diction dies the hardest death of all the flora and fauna, and most of the poetettes are in its grip. It is the surest sign of amateurishness, of literary inertia or incapacity—to have recourse to the stale perfumes and faded decorations of the old boudoirs and arbours. Thomson's *Seasons* and Gray's odes *To Spring* and *Eton College* have done incalculable harm to writers who have assumed that the *imprimatur* of important historic names can sanctify banalities of diction. Expressions may be used thousands of times without ever coming under the reproach of *clichés*. The very naturalness of phrases like "blue sky, green sea, gray clouds, fresh fields, red blood" prevents them from becoming stereotyped. They never go out of fashion any more—to use Synge's illustration—than the blackberries on the hedges. What bores the human spirit are the "azure domes, the emerald mains, the fleecy cloudlets, the verdant growths," and the rest of the paraphernalia. Moreover, the eyesight is physically impaired by the mutilations and evasions of speech springing out of the tyro's use of poetic licence where words are put in subjection to the mechanics of metre rather than metre put in service to the organic structure and order of language. Insistence on this point would be belaboured were it not that the nine odd millions of writers in this country are committing literary hara-kiri. It betokens a most pitiful condition.

A reaction has swung in with two tides. One, an extreme type, as might be expected, is endeavouring to expunge all traces of sentimentality in content and all conventions in form. The influence is obvious. Under a sound general instinct, but uncontrolled, some writers, hating the obvious and seeking freshness of vocabulary, are subjecting verse to shattering strains. The

desire for originality has become a passion for the freakish and the grotesque, resulting in miniature "Works in Progress." Dots, asterisks, exclamation points, blank spaces, hyphenated barbarisms jostle legitimate words and phrases, striking the eye assuredly as something unique, but yielding no idea that can be properly assessed by finite intelligence. There may be little doubt that somewhere in the recesses of the writer's soul the barm is at work on the flour, but what loaves finally come from the oven! And what a challenge to the assimilative processes! The initial instinct, let us say, is commendable—to work out the suggestive function of poetry, the associational values, a function honourably exercised by the mystics and metaphysicals of every age. It goes without saying that such poetry is difficult to write—the result of spirit-searching and meditation, but what we are witnessing is not the perpetuation of the tradition but the cracking of it by writers who use not fountain pens but pepper castors to sprinkle the words on the pages. An opaqueness as impenetrable to sight as pitch, is as much a symptom of deterioration in the craft as is the facility of the sentimentalists. It is not fine frenzy but stark, certifiable lunacy calling for direct action.

The other type manages to steer between the two shoals in navigable though occasionally stormy water. And here again there are two broad classifications which differ rather in choice of subject than in technique. This is the usual distinction between tradition and modernity and, incidentally, creates a very practical problem for the internal politics of a national magazine. A subscriber interested in silver thaws, iridescent pools, and scarlet maples cannot endure the smoke from a foundry or the taste of pork and beans. He can find that any day in the wards, he complains, and poetry ought to give him release from it. Another has a loathing for the moon and things like hepaticas and sequestered brooks, and thinks in terms of sweat and the infamy of the wage system. When, as sometimes happens, both cancel their subscriptions on those opposing grounds, it makes the sledding pretty rough for the business management. If only the objections did not take such a practical turn, the job would be fairly easy for the editor. He could say: "Nourish your prejudices to your heart's desire, exercise your liberty of conscience but, for heaven's sake, pay up. We are not making the magazine the vehicle of a clique or a claque. We are interested mainly in expression. To huddle the same minds

together in the same fold would soon inbreed them to death. Your points of view may not be aspects of immutable and eternal truths, but the significant thing is your power or subtlety in setting them forth."

Assuming, then, this catholicity in approach to theme and treatment, is there any basis to determine which side is winning out in the clash? May one predict the direction in which the main current of Canadian poetry will move in the near future? As already indicated, the mere poll test is in favour of the sentimental tradition, an easy, languorous, pulpy pastoralism, but fortunately the numerical determinant is not vital. The concern is with two sound minorities which will always be needed as mutual correctives. Excellent work is done by writers following the liberal tradition, still wringing some juice from the mythical fruit, refurbishing legends, discreetly lending a little more apparel to Diana and Venus, putting Nature in technicolour, and massing the stars for chorales. There is no reason that productivity of this character should ever cease. The material is inexhaustible, for the interaction between human moods and natural phenomena may vary like the permutation of numbers, and the romanticist sensitive enough to record the complexities is in a position to add fresh triumphs under the traditional banners.

But this is not the prevailing wind to-day. A group of young writers relatively small in numbers, but compensating by their intensity of conviction and by their study of experimental forms, are infusing new energy into our literature. It cannot be said that their poetry is distinctively Canadian in the sense in which the Carman-Lampman movement is so described. But there is no derogation in that. The simple fact is that the issues inflaming their minds are world-wide. An incident in Barcelona, Canton, or Quebec vibrates with poetic appeal. The geographical element is casual, so to speak, but the detonation of a bomb or the clang of a padlock belongs to a perpetual scheme of discord which poets and musicians have ever tried to resolve. I have before me a letter from one of the most promising poets of the new generation. Completely out of tune with the Canadian warblers of the past, he writes: "Let us get away from this 'bird on the bough' stuff. Continents are blowing up. I am never going to use the word 'dream' again, and all the cuckoos can burn up in their ruddy nests as far as I am concerned." I have the greatest respect for this

writer's talent. He is going to be heard from in the future. My answer was that there was no need for him to relinquish his convictions at all. He might cherish them but, above all, channel them through the poetic mould. He had the requisite passion and art to do it.

It is interesting to watch the action of this temperament upon the subject-matter. As already indicated, a few years ago under the influence of the much-lauded Oxford satirists, our young writers were out-doing their masters in dislocating verse-forms and word-orders. Confusion was rampant in creed and practice. It is probable that there was never a decade like the last which indulged in such obscurantism through verse composition. And the paradox was that the new writers assumed a prophetic role, having at heart social re-establishment. This role broke through their prose but, no matter how keen and honest the hidden intention, daylight never broke through the verse. Now, however, as discriminating critics foresaw, the technique is changing, for what is the purpose of satire be it frontal or flank, if the enemy never sees or feels the point. The current mode was absolutely destructive of the social or prophetic end, and, ironically enough, the exponents were slapped sharply by the traditionalists for turning poetry into precious and dilettante exercises. It is a good sign to see verse once again becoming charged with meaning and emotion, and the work of this group should receive encouragement. Canadian literature has never been very strong in poetic satire. As another correspondent, with a flair for stinging couplets, remarked, "What our poets need in their diet is liver, more liver." We may be getting this balance redressed by half-a-dozen writers now in their twenties and thirties. To all appearances this is the way we are heading. The liver extract is colouring up the corpuscles.

But another consideration needs to be emphasized. There is no reason why the advocates of tradition and the apostles of revolt should not occasionally drink their respective wines and ales at the same table. Inspiration has been known to be associated with both. It may be added that the water-lilies are still going to bloom on the pools, and the anti-aircraft guns are not going to destroy all the cuckoos—at least, we hope not. Tradition and revolt are inevitable complements like rain and sun: the first by itself mildews; the second burns or explodes.

The task of criticism in this country, as in any other, is to cultivate both discrimination and tolerance. Neglect or curt dismissal is as bad as a readiness to accept a jacket blurb at its face value. Criticism at its best in Canada is seen in the review-sections of the Toronto *Saturday Night*, in the three university Quarterlies, in *The Canadian Forum*, and in the literary columns of the *Globe and Mail* where the tempered enthusiasms of the editor have done so much to promote the plants and delay the weeds in the Canadian garden. A sheer conservatism never makes any progress when it becomes blind to its own origins, when it fails to recognize that what is now a settled, respectable routine was once a cause fought on the barricades by ragged battalions. This is the lesson of toleration for the new. Give any cause its right of expression, its demand for a hearing, but after that, what? Examination and criticism, by all means. It is a mistake to claim that the heaviest fires to-day proceed from the conservative batteries. This attack is mild compared with the heat and scorn poured upon the older orders by the new schools. And it is an easy but fallacious reasoning to claim that the more violent and extreme forms of the present will be the accepted and orthodox modes of the future. What is more likely to happen, if one might make an inference from the analogy of literary history, is that the spasmodic and freakish varieties will subside and disappear like the effervescence on a tankard of Stein.

WOLFE TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND
Unpublished Letters

P. L. Carver

ALTHOUGH it is necessary that my name should stand at the head of this article the responsibility for the principal contents is not my own, and I propose to retire from the scene after a short explanation.* A few months ago I suspected that a document of literary importance which I was anxious to trace might have found its way to Goodwood, and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon very kindly gave permission, through his secretary, for a search to be made among the historical papers in his muniment room. The immediate object was not attained, but in the course of the search I found a collection of letters written by Wolfe to the third Duke of Richmond, apparently undisturbed since the eighteenth century, and certainly not known to historians. A further request for permission to copy and publish these letters was readily granted, and it was thought fitting that the publication should be in a Canadian journal.

The third Duke of Richmond was born in 1735, and succeeded to the title in 1750. In December, 1752, when in Paris, he met Wolfe for the first time as the guest of Lord Albemarle, and, the following year, obtained a commission in Lord Albemarle's regiment, the 20th Foot, of which Wolfe was Lieutenant-Colonel. "As far as my discernment goes," Wolfe wrote to his father after the first meeting, "he promises to make a considerable figure in our way, to which his genius seems to lead him, and what is uncommon at eighteen, he is not entirely taken up with the outward appearances and gildings of soldiership, but aims at the higher and more solid branches of military knowledge."

The Duke is best remembered for his long political career, but in his youth he fulfilled the prediction that he would make a "considerable figure" as a soldier. Temperamentally he was well qualified to be Wolfe's intimate friend; but Wolfe, who profoundly respected order and degree, would not have written to a person so exalted for the mere pleasure of imparting confidences. When he writes to the Duke it is because he has something important to say,

*Dr. Carver has cast his commentary in the form of notes; these are printed after the text of the letters. [Editors' Note]

usually about the state of the army, the prospects of the war, or matters which deserve the notice of the higher powers. The last letter of the series, dated from Louisbourg, will, I think, be found the most interesting; but the others contain many passages which seem prophetic in the light of later events, and have allusions to more than one person, then obscure, whose name lives in history.

LETTER I

My Lord Duke,

I am ashamed to have had a letter from your Grace, so long in my possession, unanswered, your civility to me, deserves an earlier, & a more becoming return, but I am still more concerned that it has not been in my power to comply w^t^ your Grace's intentions and zeal for the service: our Colonel[1] has been so little amongst us,[2] that he has hardly given any directions at all, and none concerning the improvement of your Company,[3] & your Grace knows that no step can be taken in these matters independent of the Will, & orders of the chief.

The Troops did not camp this summer, nor wou'd your Grace have been pleased with them, if they had; after what you have seen in France and Germany, both as to Evolutions & Fire—our poor performances, wou'd rather raise your contempt, than merit your approbation; I cannot tell you, how ignorant we are and withal how conceited & presumptuous.

The Infantry is in motion towards the Coast of Kent, to oppose the French, who seem to intend an Invasion.[4] I shou'd think it a very hazardous undertaking at this season of the year, before a superior fleet, & in presence of a considerable Army: The Invaders have many difficulties to struggle with, & many dangers to encounter, before they get ashoar; and if they shou'd land, they will find the old hereditary hatred that this Nation bears to that, in its full vigour.

We are told that Mr. Boscawen's Squadron[5] (which came this morning to Spithead) fell in with, & cheer'd the French ships from Louisbourg, who were either cleaner, or better sailors, for they got off, & are safe in Port, this is the third great misfortune of our first Sea-Campaign.

Your Grace heard of Braddock's defeat[6] with surprise I am sure; because you cou'd not conceive that the Soldiers of this Country cou'd behave in the infamous manner that those Rascals did—it surpasses all that is gone before, & yet the whole blame is thrown upon the General—whereas if that Canaille, had obey'd his orders, or followed his example, I believe there wou'd have been no great room for censure:[7] the mischiefs that are likely to flow from that misfortune are numberless; but the People of this Country are corrupt enough to patronise cowardice & disobedience, in opposition to discipline & courage; they are at pains to excuse the most unheard off treachery, rather than suppose or acknowledge, that subordination in an Army is necessary to its success—they have no idea of a free born English Soldier's marching, working, or fighting, but when he thinks proper; and these notions of their's will some time or other bring on their ruin.[8]

If the French persist in the plan of an Invasion, we shall probably have the honour of your Grace's presence amongst us; for I think you will never see your Country attack'd without engageing heartily in its defence.

I have the honour to be with the greatest Respect
My Lord Duke

Your Grace's most Obedient & most Humble Servant

Jam: Wolfe.

Winchester 25th Octb^r. 1755.

P.S. 2 Divisions of the Reg^t. are already march'd towards Canterbury, the last moves 27th.

Letter II

My Lord Duke,

I am indeed a good deal surpris'd at what your Grace has told me;[9] & the more especially as I think your pretentions are grounded upon much better titles than you are pleas'd to allow yourself; but when I consider the King's great Age,[10] I do not much wonder that his objections lye against your youth; it is the foible of that time of day, to believe it, the only Season of Wisdom & Knowledge & to exclude sound sense & judgement from all heads but grey.[11] It must be no small satisfaction to your Grace to have had the Captain

General[12] on your side, he looks into military affairs with closer observations than our good Monarch examines the Capacity of his Officers, & will allow, when experience is wanting, that Talents & zeal supply that want. You are about to take the best of all methods to convince H. R. H.[13] that you deserve his affection & esteem, & to recommend yourself to the opinion of Mankind; by paying a modest deference to his Majesty's sentiments, & by serving him well in that station, where he chooses you shou'd.

It occurs to me that the Guards are therefore the fittest Corps & the fittest Company for Persons of your Great Rank; & when you have satisfied your curiosity & studied our little affairs as much as you think proper or as much as they require;[14] you will be remov'd to the King's Person, & have the honour to guard & defend him in these perillous times.

If you have any time to spare to us, while you honour the Corps w[t.] your name, I shou'd be happy to have your assistance & glad to enjoy the pleasure of your conversation & I cou'd wish that our Commander in chief[15] was as much dispos'd to throw the light of his great experience upon you, as you are, to receive his instructions. It is a misfortune that your Grace meets with any obstacle, in the most laudable of all pursuits.

Our method is, as you know, to exercise, as the Weather happens to be, in cold days we march about, & in warmer seasons we stand still, & as we expect to change our quarters soon we endeavour to prepare our men for their march, by using their Limbs to Action, & their shoulders to the burthen of their Arms, & necessaries. Tomorrow, I take 'em to the Wind [*illeg.*] & in the beginning of the next week we will carry our Camp Equipage, & encamp.

200 men under Major Donnelan,[16] are at Dover, they give a guard to the Castle, & work at the Fortifications; when the Detach[t.] of the foot Guards gets there, I hope our's will be dismissed, because I wou'd fain have 'em together a little before we take the field.

Lawrence[17] is landed with 20 Recruits; so that our Battalion is pretty compleat, not with standing the damage done amongst us by the small Pox.

Your favourite Mitten[?] is reduc'd to a shadow, by the force of Mercury. I wish he may ever be restored to his former beauty & vigour.

Poor Carleton[18] came to us w^t. a Fever; but he is much better & will I hope do very well again.

I have the honour to be w^t. the utmost Respect

Your Grace's most Obedient & most Humble Servant

Jam: Wolfe.

Canterbury, 17th March, 1756.

P.S. Thursday 18th. Carleton has had a bad night, was ill in the morning, but mends this afternoon.

LETTER III

My Lord,

We have no business to interrupt your scheme—when we can see your Grace without prejudice to your private affairs, or without taking off your attention from publick matters of great moment; then, we shall be pleas'd to see you; I know, & every body is well assured, that you'll be here almost as soon as the French.

Our Corps has suffered so much of late, that a Nobleman of my Lord George's[19] Rank wou'd find but little Company, or improving conversation, amongst us, when duty required his attendance at Quarters, this is one reason why I am the less griev'd at his impatience—no endeavour of mine shou'd have been wanting for his use, had he been dispos'd to wait. Your Grace & your Brother have (by your repeated civilities, & the friendship you have honoured me with) very great demands upon me—& I shall think it a piece of great good fortune, if it ever falls in my way to oblige the one or to instruct the other; & 'tis by such methods that I wou'd try to convince you that I wish merely to deserve your good opinion, & esteem.

To an active mind like your's my Lord, the great business of the Nation (at this most critical interesting juncture)[20] must afford fresh matter of entertainment & improvement.

I am glad your age allows you to be present at the debates;[21] & I hope you will live to see the good effects of the Spirit & resolution that appears universally; & which I hope will remain unshaken—if the terrors of an invasion determine us to any pusillanimous measures, the affairs of this Country will every day decline; till we fall into weakness & contempt; all our Trade, all our Colonies, & consequently our Riches & Power seem to depend upon the present determinations, & therefore they shou'd be vigorous & firm. I

beg my compliments to Lord George; & have the honour to be w[t] the greatest Respect

My Lord Duke, your Grace's most obedient & most Humble servant

J. Wolfe.

Canterbury, Sunday
March 20th, 1756.

LETTER IV

My Lord,

Beginning where your Grace leaves off, my answer to your question is that I have not the honour to know more of the present ministry than I did of the former[22] & therefore can form no manner of judgement about them. I hope they will have fair play that we may see what they are capable off; I wish it was practicable to employ & to unite the present Secretary & Mr. Fox; such a union wou'd carry on a great deal of business & we shou'd have no reason to fear the dreadful effects of an opposition to measures[23] at this most critical juncture; I have nothing so much at heart as the publick prosperity & therefore wish to see the ministerial affairs in good hands & under the direction of the ablest heads.

The moment I heard your Grace was in the country I sent to let you know that Lord Blandford[24] was here, that we had fine hounds in our neighbourhood & whatever else cou'd engage the attention of a sportsman. I was pleas'd to hear you were so long at Goodwood,[25] & so well entertained; the country diversions will give you health & strength; they are the becoming recreations of a soldier inuring him to fatigue—Gaming, eating & the Pox, are the vices of the effeminate, & flagitious; & have loosen'd the morals & ruin'd the constitutions of half our Country-men. You were upon your journey to London by the time I receiv'd your letter & indeed if it had been otherwise I couldn't have taken leave of absence, for even so short a time, because the magistrates in the Neighbouring counties are making daily demands of men to quiete the Riots within their Jurisdiction;[26] Kingsley[27] took care to get off tho' he knew that I intended to ask indulgence for 2 or 3 months having been almost as many years under close confinement. I shou'd have been exceedingly pleas'd to have seen your Grace & wou'd spare no pains to have that satisfaction in times of less business than the

present. I am entirely of your Grace's opinion that the reduction of Quebec is the only effective blow that we can strike upon the continent of America.[28] Louisburg wou'd save us—but to'ther wou'd give us the advantage of the War; why such an enterprise is not projected amazes me; all reinforcements to my Lord Loudoun's army can only serve to keep our Provinces from Pillage;[29] they decide nothing & I defy him to act w^t. any success against Crown Point, (which is nothing at all) if he had 20,000 men to back him.[30]

Don't you think the French will invade Hanover in the Spring?[31] What then? A Peace or a change in the Ministry?[32] Troops to the Continent? Good God! Into what confusion shall we be thrown in a short time! I know nothing but the terrors of the French King that can bring us out of these difficulties.[33] Your Grace may guess why the old Troops & the best Off^rs. are kept at home![34] shan't we sail up the Elbe together under some favourite General,[35] who cannot so well endure the cold climate of N. America? I don't guess the man for the expedition;[36] but if he is above 60 I give up all hopes of sucess—for I know no man at that time of life in our service fit to lead an army.[37] I wish they wou'd bestow the Rank of Colonel upon me w^t. the direction & superintending of the 2 Highland Battalions;[38] it is no great favour to ask & a very dangerous honour to obtain. I have very much the look of a *Highlander*, in that respect shou'd be acceptable to the Corps. (Ld. Albemarle will explain my meaning to you) & in other respects I flatter myself that I cou'd serve the King. I shall pay your Grace's subscription to the impudent Scoundrel our Chaplain[39] and I shall take care to let him see that I know nothing that could authorise his impertinence in demanding it; he is the most consummate Priest & Sycophant that his Cloath can boast off. Delaune[40] march'd into the Forest of Dean this morning[41] but under such restrictions that his weapons will be useless; for I have forbid them to fire (without express orders from the magistrate) even tho' the enemy (who have firearms) shou'd begin; they are to receive the insults of the rabble with a soldier-like contempt; Delaune was to pass the Severn at a place where the rioters commonly assemble, & it was believ'd that they wou'd seize the boats & obstruct the passage; I have recommended strategems & surprises & wait impatiently to laugh at the event. The Marquis of Blandford is our only Captain on this side the Severn;[42] he does the *whole duty* for 5 Companies; & is station'd in the Center & in readyness to support

any of the detach'd Posts that may require his assistance. The Civic Magistrates give us a great deal of trouble because they will take little themselves; they will pay severely for these neglects, sometime hence when the Troops are withdrawn.

Beckwith[43] has been very lucky in the North; he has rais'd 600 men such as they are; poor stuff I'm afraid.[44] We are extreemly generous to the 2nd. Batt^{n}., demanding onely as many of the Recruits rais'd by the Officers of the first Battalion, as we have given Sergts. & Corpls. to the 2^{d}. Wt. these 27, chosen men, of our own recruiting by the by, we hope to be compleat, having pick'd up some good men in these Quarters; if any more are wanted we shall take the freedom to chuse those that are fittest for present service. I have taken care that Arms, Accoutremts. & Cloathing shou'd be sent both to Manchester & this Place, & I believe we have 200 of these Ruffians' in tolerable[45] forwardness. I shall fright 'em in a little while till I make 'em stand like Statues. Beckwith[46] has the Bulk w^{t}. him; our number now does not exceed 60, but we have more upon the march. Their Arms are all new; & seem to be of the very best—such as should have been given to the old Corps; & are thrown away upon these People. I am for an exchange, & if they make any difficulty to surround 'em & seize their Firelocks. They are terrible Dogs[47] to look at (not half so good as yours by the acct. I had of those that went thro' our quarters under a Capt. Bindon).[48] We must teach 'em to fight in the night that the enemy may think 'em better than they realy are. I hear that some of our People misbehaved at Bradford.[49] I have stigmatis'd 'em in the publick orders, & uttered menaces against future Offenders—which is all that can be done without Evidences, & at such a distance of time. Your Grace observes that I seldom come to London; my affairs seldom allow me to think of it and when I have it in my head ever something or other happens to prevent it. It is a great misfortune to be a long time out of good company & in the perpetual exercise of a certain degree of power & authority; it affects one's temper & disposition imperceptably.[50] Passion & impatience are the least of its ill consequences; severity & brutality follow. Your Grace's Mind will I hope ever be free from any tincture of these blemishes. Men born to greatness & power are commonly the fittest to exercise it; it is natural for such Persons to command & commonly sits easily & gracefully upon them. I have a little amour[51] upon my hands that corrects in some measure the natural

impetuosity of my temper; this is the surest & most pleassing remedy imaginable, for the disease complain'd off; that is when the Medecine is not too strong.

I wish your Grace all kinds of happiness. We are all in the same sentiments.

I have the honour to be w^t. the greatest Respect My Lord,

Your Grace's most Obed^t. & most Humble Servant

Jam: Wolfe.

Cirencester.
19th Jan^y. 1757.

LETTER V

My Lord

My not having been able to wait upon your Grace will leave no suspicion, I hope, of incivility, because my hearty wishes for your happiness, are, I persuade myself, fully known to you; no man living can be more earnest for your Grace's felicity nor more sincere in congratulating upon the fair prospect before you,[52] than myself. I wou'd have you fill all the offices & duties of Life, with equal worth & honour; with comfort & satisfaction to yourself & service to Mankind; a good Husband & a Father seldom fail to make a good Subject, & occasionally a usefull Soldier. My old General, has had a very dangerous attack,[53] which obliged me to be constantly with him, and is the true & only reason why I have not been able to pay my Respects to your Grace; I hope he is safe for this time tho' perhaps not entirely out of danger. If I am so fortunate as to see your Grace in perfect health, before I go to Quarters, it will make me some amends for this confinement, & be welcome news to the Corps.

I have the honour to be with the greatest Respect & regards, My Lord,

Your Grace's most Obedient & most Humble Servant

Jam: Wolfe

Black Heath.
23rd April, 1757.

LETTER VI

My Lord,

Your Grace will be surprised that a man whose Tent is pitch'd in Dorsets[h.][54] shou'd date his letter from Black-heath—but more family misfortune has brought me from one duty to another.

I design this as a letter of recommendation; a freedom, which is best, when seldom us'd—but you have a Villain in your Regim[t.][55]—that I recommend to Justice: he is a tall thin fellow w[t.] light Hair—a Deserter, now (I suppose) under confinement; this Traitor has enlisted w[t.] both our Batt[ns.] & Deserted from both, his Trade to take money from Recruiting Officers, & a most Knavish profession it is;[56] he was apprehended, I think at Worcester, but I never knew his name, for he staid but a few hours w[t.] us at Tilbury, on his way I believe from Devizes to Worcester: Our People desired me to mention him to your Grace, as an Object.

We, in Dorsetshire, are employ'd in the lowest kind of Drill,[57] I shall not be able to get over it, this Campaign.

Beckwith[58] far outdoes the other two, & even, in some things, surpasses all the old Batt[ns.] without exception. Our Regiment of Dragoons, is a collection of tall men, & tall Horses; but surprising to tell, they have never yet charg'd, in exercise; S[r.] J. Mordaunt desir'd them to *charge*, & they excus'd themselves, as not having ever practis'd it.[59]

Our great King of Prussia, has at last known repulses,[60] & in the career of Victory—this Attack had it suceeded, [would have] knock'd down the House of Austria, & set up that of Brandenbourg, supreme in Germany. As it is, they will preserve such an equality of Force, that the French may act without Interruption, which ever way they point their Swords.

Ostend will soon be their's, & they have actually demanded 4 Cautionary Towns from the Dutch.[61]

What a Dreadful adversary have we to encounter! & what a disjointed State this is, for such opposition.

Every honest man in the Kingdom shou'd take Arms, dismiss his Superfluous Servants & Equipage, keep his Family in the Country, & give one half of his Estate into the Exchequer[62]—we must do this or submit. If we mean to deliver down our Country & Constitution whole & entire to our Posterity—Self-denial,

Courage, Temperance, & Magnanimity, must be the Channel to convey [these] great blessings to those that come after.

Your Grace wou'd be amongst the first to fight in the defence of England, & wou'd lend your money freely to support the Constitution; but the bulk of our Nobility are riding at Horse Races, or shooting Growse, when all the rest of the World are in Arms. I believe we are rowling down apace.

I have the honour to be with the utmost Respect, My Lord
Your Grace's most Obed$^{t.}$ & faithfull Humble Servant
Jam: Wolfe.

Black-Heath. 10th July, 1757.

Letter VII

My Lord,

Mr. Power[63] has been received into the Corps & will be recommended to the 2nd vacancy in the Regiment. I say the 2nd because we have an older volunteer; your Grace may be assur'd that I will omit no favourable opportunity to serve him.

We are all doom'd to ignorance; it is a ruinous maxim off the army to keep us in the dark; the men you mention are like a couple of Vapours hanging over the Troops, & clouding them from the sun's rays. Even in the leisure of Peace all use of Eyes & Reason was forbid; an attendance at quarters, servillity & baseness were the steps to rise. By Heavens, there is a hidden thunder ready to break in among this mass of ignorance—a time when the souls of men must exert themselves.[64] The French will force us to act with more sense & resolution. Do you therefore my good Lord persevere and serve the country usefully & honestly; urge the ministers to put our Docks into a better state of defence; fortify them so that the Enemy must necessarily open trenches before them; and when we are threaten'd with War keep strong garrisons in Portsmouth & Plymouth & a corps in Kent; Canterbury shou'd be strengthen'd w$^{t.}$ a rampart, ditch & cover'd way; either the French must be check'd at Canterbury,[65] or you let them forward to the Medway & lose a Dock, & an Army, in short, fatal entrenchment of Chatham. The Medway is too near the capital & Kent, too rich & strong a country to leave behind [to] an Enemy. No, they shou'd stop at Canterbury to give this improvident Nation time to collect their Force, or, we may be undone at a blow; remember this my dear

Lord & pursue it as a point of the last importance. I believe your Grace need not be under any concern that you miss this business—it will be no scene of instruction I can venture to pronounce; on the contrary the utmost that I can expect will be some flashes of courage with disorder & confusion arising in some measure from the nature of our discipline.[66] I wish Your Grace much health & a better school for instruction than any within my knowledge, & have the honour to be, w^t. the greatest Respect my Lord

Your Grace's most obedient & most Humble servt.,

Jam: Wolfe.

Newport in the Isle of Wight. 23rd Aug., 1757.

LETTER VIII

Ile Royale.
28th July, 1758.

My Lord,

I wish your Grace joy; of the Battalion, you yourself have rais'd, form'd & disciplin'd,[67] & which I am pursuaded will be amongst the best of the new Levies; My Lord George[68] too has got a step, which gives me, & all the Friends to your Grace's house, much satisfaction. As things have turn'd out—I shou'd have been glad, that both of you had been here, to have seen & profited, by our good & bad proceedings.

The Troops have done well;[69] at first they were shy, but latterly, bold even to neglect [of] themselves; this is generally the case at a Siege—the French with a numerous Garrison, approaching to 3000 men including the Burghers & Arms, did not strike one vigorous blow—they surprised & killed my Lord Dundonald, then ran off in great haste, & since that foolish Sortie,[70] they have kept close up. Two of their men of war were boarded in the Harbour—by the Boats of our Fleet, & both taken; this enterprise was conducted with great skill, & resolution, tho' quite unnecessary, because the Ships were already disabled; so much disabled that the Bienfaisant's Main & Mizen Masts fell overboard a few hours after she was taken—they—our Sailors—tried to tow off the Prudent, but cou'd not affect it, so they set fire to that Ship.[71] This is altogether a pretty severe blow to the French Marine; but not half enough. We are told in England terrible Stories of the Mic-Macks,[72] & other formidable Tribes of Indians, they were to infest our Camp, to

attack us in the night, to Scalp the half of us, & in short they were to live entirely upon the Carcasses of English men—true these same Mic-Macks, are the most contemptible bloody cowardly Scoundrels, in the Creation—we have destroy'd some few, & the rest are trembling in the Woods, flying below the meanest of our Rangers,[73] & our Rangers are very contemptible too. Our Artillery has made dreadfull Havock in the Town, & amongst the Shipping [;] their's on the contrary has been very harmless—we compute, that the five Men of War,[74] & one Frigate[75] must have fired between 3 & 4000 barrells of Gun-Powder at the Corps under my Command, & wou'd your Grace imagine that I have not lost 20 men, killed; perhaps about that Numb. wounded; & 10 or 12 [waggons?] destroy'd & 3 or 4 Guns dismounted. Hollandt[76] the Dutch Engineer has been with me the whole Siege, & a brave active fellow he is, as ever I met with; he shou'd have been killed a hundred times, his escape is [a] Miracle. I promised to mention him to your Grace, because he looks upon himself [as], in some measure, under your protection, & upon my word he deserves it. I hope my Lord George[77] will take him into the Corps of Engineers & when there is any business to be done, he will find him the most usefull Man in it; he shall send your Grace a Plan of Attack, & I do believe it will amuse you. The French say, that it was not fair to bombard their Ships & cruel, to fire Shot & Shells into the Town among their sick, & wounded—I made answer that it was common to do both the one & other; & if not, that the American War was different from all others, & must be carried on upon the same Principals, which our Enemies had thought fit to establish[78]—that for my part I was extremely sorry they did not stand the assault, because then, we might at one blow give the Troops that just revenge they wish'd for, in action, for the unheard off, & unprecedented Barbarities exercised by the French, Canadians, & Indians, upon such of our People as had had the misfortune to fall into their hands.[79] We have killed & wounded about a thousand of these Scalpers, & before the end of the Campaign, we may hope to add something to that number. If we had made a little more dispatch in this affair, I doubt not, but Canada wou'd have fallen into our hands, & we might have terminated the War with honour, & reputation, & advantage to our Country.[80]

We have a report in our Camp that my Lord Howe is killed,[81] leading the Van of Abercromby's army to attack the Enemy's advanced Posts—there is room to fear it may be so—from the

known intrepidity of that most excellent Officer; the loss I reckon irreparable, the State has not his equal in Arms; he wou'd have been, probably, one of the best Generals that this Country has ever produc'd; I hope it is not true; there are so many Lies from the Continent, that we must doubt this fact as long as possible. We have establish'd a Corps of light Foot, that might be infinitely usefull, tho' at present they are not so, from particular causes.[82] They are Cloath'd and Arm'd a la Legere—commanded by Officers adapted to that service; & the Volunteers are mix'd amongst them, at the head of Divisions & Squads. If we had had old Grey,[83] as Q. M. General & Engineer—Delaune,[84] & 3 or 4 more for the Light Infantry there was an end of the French Colony in N^{o} America this Campaign—but it pleas'd his Majesty & the Generals to order it otherwise; & by so doing, they have saved la Canada; this damned Economy of Officers over business of such infinite consequence, has [been], & ever will be the ruin, & destruction, of our affairs.

For the first time, the Fleet & Army have agreed to work together[85]—the Admiral has given us all possible aid of Marines, Sailors, Boats, Cannon—Ammunition, & every thing that was ask'd or requir'd; & I do believe if the enterprise had been 4 times as difficult, our Union wou'd have carried it thro'. Sir Ch: Hardy,[86] too, is an excellent Citizen, & an honest Man, & I can say for my own part, that I shou'dn't have been able to subsist, or to take a single Step without his help & the assistance of the Captains of the Ships & Frigates station'd in my Neighbourhood. If my Lord Howe is still alive, I have yet some hopes of carrying our Arms successfully into Canada—but if he is killed that great project dies with him.[87]

The Enemy's Wrecks, & the Ships they have sunk, choak up the Harbour at present—but when its cleared—[it] will contain a great Fleet. The Island Battery, is a most contemptible piece, & so indeed, are all their Batteries towards the Sea; & the weakest step that cou'd be taken, was the destruction of the Grand Battery;[88] I mean as far as relates to the defence of the Harbour. They have made some additions to the works on the Land Side, but without increasing the strength of the Fortification. If they had not cried out as they did—the Garrison wou'd probably have been cut to Pieces in 24 hours more. The Climate is disagreeable but not unwholesome, the French have made good roads to some distant

parts of the Island, & have improved the west side of the Shoar along the Harbour; so as to have pretty good Herbage, & some Gardens; there are Cattle & Horses in Abundance upon the Island—Fowl & Fish in Plenty, & with a milder Sky, [it] would be no unpleasant Government, tho' for my own part I wou'dn't accept the honour with £5000 a year of Pension.

Halifax has a noble Harbour, & may be fortified at an inconsiderable Expence, but the melancholy condition of Britain is such, that we have no body fit to consult with, upon such important business. It is well worth a high price, to engage the Skill & abilities of some great Man of another Country to assist us.[89] L^d^ C. Hay is at Anchor off the Harbour's mouth waiting for a passage to England & has been there the whole Siege—in as disagreeable [a] situation as possible, I shou'd think.[90] I invited him to serve at the Siege as a Volunteer, knowing his rage for Arms, & the contempt he has for all the proceedings of his Brethren, of the last Campaign. It was well done to recall my L^d^ Loudoun; our American Affairs were running into the utmost Confusion under his Pen & Ink Administration.[91] My Paper is too short, perhaps your Grace thinks otherwise.

I have the honour to be w^t^ the utmost Respect, My Lord,
Your Grace's most Obedient & most humble servant
J. Wolfe.

If I meet w^t^ any Furr in Canada of an extraordinary Beauty, I must beg leave to present a Muff to the Duchess of Richmond, & a little snug *Covering* for M: Co—,[92] not with standing her manifest contempt for the militaire.

NOTES

[1]Colonel Philip Honeywood had been appointed to the command of the 20th Regiment of Foot (of which regiment Wolfe was then Lieutenant-Colonel) on April 8, 1755, in succession to the Earl of Albemarle (Army List for 1755, p. 47). Honeywood is understood to have owed his promotion mainly to his social and territorial influence, and Wolfe's allusions to him usually have a hint of disparagement.

[2]"Colonels appear to have been scandalously negligent and remiss in every respect. . . . Issue orders as he might, the King could never succeed, owing to the prevailing indiscipline, in making

a certain number of officers ever go near their regiments at all" (Fortescue, *History of the British Army*, II, p. 31).

[3]The Duke of Richmond had been gazetted Captain in the 20th Regiment of Foot on June 18, 1753 (Army List for 1755, p. 47), and still held that rank.

[4]Nominally the two countries were still at peace, though war was inevitable. A month later (November 24, 1755) Wolfe wrote to his mother: "May you both live long in ease and peace; but I fear there are ugly times at hand. Perhaps we may not see them."

[5]Early in 1755 the French, having stolen the plans of Braddock's campaign, had despatched ten battalions of troops for service in Canada. The expedition sailed on May 3, after a long delay; in the meantime a British fleet, under Admiral Boscawen, had sailed with orders to intercept the French force. On June 7, off the coast of Newfoundland, Boscawen fell in with three French ships which had strayed from the main body, and captured the *Alcide* and the *Lys*; the third, the *Dauphin Royal*, escaped into the fog. The main body of the French squadron was never encountered, and proceeded safely to Louisbourg. The affair may be regarded as the real beginning of England's part in the Seven Years' War. Before returning home Boscawen spent some time at Halifax, as his men were suffering severely from fever. Apparently the news did not reach Wolfe until the return of the fleet to Spithead.

[6]The story of Braddock's disastrous expedition to Fort Duquesne is well known. The fullest account, and probably the best, is in chapter vii of Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*.

[7]Though Braddock's courage and zeal have never been doubted, modern historians will hardly endorse Wolfe's opinion of his competence. "He was born and trained for such actions as Fontenoy; and it was his fate to be confronted with a difficult problem in savage warfare. His task was that which since his day has been repeatedly set to British officers, namely to improvise a new system of fighting wherewith to meet the peculiar tactics of a strange enemy in a strange country. Too narrow, too rigid, and too proud to apprehend the position, he applied the time-honoured methods of Flanders, and he failed. . . . But the lesson which he had learned too late was not lost on his successors, and it may truly be said that it was over the bones of Braddock that the British advanced again to the conquest of Canada" (Fortescue, *History of the British Army*, II, pp. 279-80).

It is natural that Wolfe, as a stern guardian of military honour, should be roused to fury by the thought of panic-stricken soldiers deserting their commander and running for their lives, and that feeling would predispose him to make excuses for Braddock's tactics. A fact of some interest to the modern reader is that George Washington was among the young officers present with Braddock, and did what was possible to retrieve the disaster.

[8]The evidence cited by Fortescue in his account of the relation between the civil and military powers fully bears out Wolfe's complaint (*History of the British Army*, II, pp. 26-8). It was only very reluctantly that the necessity for a standing army had been conceded after the Restoration, and there was still a strong prejudice against it in Wolfe's time. Even to-day the Army Act, upon which the legal existence of the British Army depends, is not allowed to be operative for more than one year, though always, in practice, renewed.

[9]It is apparent from the continuation that Richmond had been applying for promotion (see note 3), and had been refused on account of his youth. He had recently (January 22, 1756, old style) attained his twenty-first birthday, and had probably used that fact as an argument with his seniors. His disappointment did not last long, as he was gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel of the 33rd Regiment on June 7, 1756 (Army List for 1757, p. 67). Wolfe would be likely to receive the present complaint sympathetically, as he himself had been considered "too young" to succeed Lord Albemarle as Colonel of the 20th, and had taken Honeywood's appointment "not a little to heart" (Beckles Willson, *Life and Letters of Wolfe*, pp. 258-9).

[10]George II was in his seventy-third year at the date of this letter.

[11]See Letter IV. Wolfe would certainly have approved of the drastic changes recently (1937) effected at Whitehall, by which the average age of the military members of the Army Council has been reduced from 63 to 53.

[12]William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, then Commander-in-Chief, or Captain-General, of the British Army. The two titles were used interchangeably.

[13]Wolfe refers again to the Duke of Cumberland ("His Royal Highness").

[14]For the present the Duke of Richmond was an officer in Wolfe's regiment, and under his command (see notes 3 and 55).

[15]See note 12.

[16]Nehemiah Donnellan was a Major in the 8th Regiment of Foot, and one of Wolfe's personal friends.

[17]Thomas Worsop Lawrence, gazetted Captain in the 20th Foot on October 18, 1755 (Army List for 1757, p. 52). Not to be confused with Charles Lawrence, who afterwards, as a Brigadier-General, served with Wolfe in the Louisbourg campaign.

[18]Guy Carleton, "a young officer who afterwards rose to great distinction, and whose name and fame is, hardly less than Wolfe's own, bound up in the history of Canada and the Empire" (Beckles Willson, *Life and Letters of Wolfe*, p. 197). He was afterwards raised to the Peerage as Baron Dorchester, and was Governor of Quebec during the American War of Independence.

Three years earlier the young Duke of Richmond, when about to join the Army, had asked Wolfe to suggest a suitable person to act as his military tutor. Wolfe had recommended Carleton, who had performed the duties to the satisfaction of everyone concerned.

[19]Lord George Lennox, born on November 29, 1737, was the younger brother of the Duke of Richmond. He had been since April 20, 1751, an Ensign in the 2nd Foot Guards (Army List for 1754, p. 32), and we gather that he was now thinking of transferring to the 20th Foot in order to be with his brother. Wolfe, as appears from his letter, did not encourage the idea.

[20]The failure of Braddock's expedition in America was to be followed by the loss of Minorca and the loss of Calcutta, both within three months of the date of Wolfe's letter. It was in July of this year that Pitt used the famous words, "I know that I can save this country, and that no one else can."

[21]The Duke had taken his seat in the House of Lords at the first opportunity after his twenty-first birthday (see note 9).

[22]Upon the Duke of Newcastle's resignation in November, 1756, the King had entrusted the formation of a new government to Henry Fox (afterwards Lord Holland), who had served under Newcastle as Secretary of State. Fox had proposed to include Pitt, and, when Pitt refused office, had resigned. In December a new government was formed by the Duke of Devonshire, with Pitt as Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons. Fox then accepted the subordinate but lucrative office of Paymaster General, and, by so doing, forfeited the place in history which might have been his.

[23]There was at this time no regularly constituted Opposition, and, therefore, no such systematic "opposition to measures" as Wolfe feared. Lecky, writing of the year 1757, generalizes at some length on this peculiarity of the age, and reaches the conclusion that "in times when party divisions cease to coincide with any clear division of principles, power will naturally pass to the ablest statesman; in other times, to the representative of the dominant principle" (*History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, ed. 1892, II, p. 378). Wolfe, not being a politician, was not interested in the "dominant principle," but desired fervently that power should "pass to the ablest statesman." He writes as if he foresaw the coalition to be formed a few months later between Pitt and Newcastle.

[24]Charles Spenser, Marquis of Blandford, son and heir of the second Duke of Marlborough, had been gazetted Captain in the 20th Regiment of Foot (Wolfe's regiment) on June 7, 1756 (Army List for 1757, p. 52). He was then only seventeen. His father was a political supporter of Fox, and this fact may have had an indirect influence on the opinion expressed by Wolfe in the first paragraph.

[25]The home of the Duke of Richmond, in Sussex.

[26]"On October 20th three companies of the XX. and three of the Buffs, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Wolfe, marched to Stroud, to assist the civil authorities in suppressing riots. When this service was completed the regiment marched to Cirencester, where it remained for some months" (B. Smyth, *History of the Lancashire Fusiliers*, I, p. 98).

[27]William Kingsley had been gazetted Colonel of the 20th Foot on May 22, 1756 (Army List for 1757, p. 52), in succession to Honeywood.

[28]The reduction of Quebec had been contemplated in 1746 by the irresponsible Shirley, whose capture of Louisbourg in 1745 has been described as "one of the curiosities of military history" (Fortescue, *History of the British Army*, II, p. 258). By the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle Louisbourg had been restored to France in exchange for Madras.

At the date of Wolfe's letter Lord Loudoun, now in command of the English forces in America, was making elaborate preparations for the re-capture of Louisbourg, "an important object, no doubt, but one that had no direct bearing on the main question of controlling the interior of the continent" (Parkman, *Montcalm and*

Wolfe, I, pp. 468-9). It was not till nearly two years later, when Pitt was firmly established in power and had time to think out the problem for himself, that the project of an attack on Quebec was seriously entertained by the government.

[29]See note 91. Pitt, for the moment, had confidence in Lord Loudoun, and was sending him large reinforcements for the intended attack on Louisbourg (see Fortescue, *History of the British Army*, II, p. 304).

[30]Wolfe seems to mean that an attack on Crown Point, besides being unlikely to succeed, would accomplish nothing even if it did succeed, unless it were undertaken as part of a larger scheme for the conquest of Canada. That was the view ultimately adopted.

[31]The French did, in fact, invade Hanover successfully three months later. It was defended by the Duke of Cumberland, at the head of an army of 60,000 Germans, and on July 26, Cumberland was heavily defeated by a superior French force.

[32]Wolfe's forecast of the course of events is extraordinarily happy. Pitt was already in power, and, as he was the man whom the nation was most likely to trust in a time of crisis, it might have been argued that his position would be strengthened by the invasion of Hanover. Actually he was dismissed from office on April 6, because the Duke of Cumberland, on setting out for Hanover, had refused to take instructions from him, and his removal had seemed to the King to be the easiest solution of the difficulty. There was, therefore, a fortuitous connection, though not a logically necessary one, between the invasion of Hanover and the change in the Ministry.

[33]Wolfe again is right. "If," says Lecky, "the French had at this time exhibited anything of the energy and military talent which they displayed so abundantly in the days of Louis XIV., and which they again showed in the days of Napoleon, they might easily have compelled it [Cumberland's army] to surrender at discretion" (*History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, ed. 1892, II, p. 406). This was the situation in Hanover seven months after the date of Wolfe's letter.

[34]Wolfe seems to hint at the fact that George II, always a Hanoverian at heart, was unwilling to send a large army abroad so long as Hanover was threatened with invasion.

[35]The Duke of Cumberland, the unsuccessful defender of Hanover, might fairly be described as a "favourite General," but

Wolfe's fear that the best of the English army would be sent with him was not realized.

[36]Logically and grammatically we ought to understand "the expedition" up the Elbe, but we can hardly doubt that Wolfe intended to refer to the coming expedition to North America, which was never far from his thoughts. The mention in the next sentence of the two Highland battalions, which are known to have been raised for service in Canada, shows clearly the direction which his mind was taking.

[37]Compare the opening paragraph of Letter II.

[38]Fortescue speaks of the raising of these two regiments, on January 1, 1757, as the "handiwork" of Pitt, and describes it as "a new and daring experiment" (*History of the British Army*, II, p. 300). It is known that the idea had been suggested to Pitt by Lord Albemarle, and Fortescue seems to be unaware of Wright's conjecture (*Life of Wolfe*, ed. 1864, pp. 367-8) that Albemarle in his turn had received it from Wolfe, the real originator. Wright's argument is adopted and reinforced by Beckles Willson (*Life and Letters of Wolfe*, pp. 145 and 313-4), but, it must be admitted, is not quite conclusive even in its final form. The present allusion lends it some slight support by showing that Wolfe was interested in the Highland battalions from the beginning of their career, was anxious to command them, and had discussed the matter with Lord Albemarle. Wright, had he known of this letter, would certainly have attached great weight to the words, "Ld. Albemarle will explain my meaning to you."

[39]The Chaplain of the 20th Foot at this time was William Agar, commissioned on April 17, 1755 (Army List for 1757, p. 53). He had graduated from St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1732, and afterwards, in 1758, published *Military Devotion*, a collection of sermons preached to the regiment in 1756 and 1757, to which Wolfe must have listened. Wolfe does not mention him elsewhere.

[40]William Delaune had been gazetted Captain in the 29th Foot on September 1, 1756 (Army List for 1757, p. 52). In a letter dated February 11, 1758, Wolfe describes him as "formed by nature for the American war." He is mentioned again, in highly complimentary terms, in the last letter in this collection, written from Louisbourg, and he afterwards justified Wolfe's estimate of his qualities by playing a distinguished part in the capture of Quebec. See Dr. J. C. Webster's *Wolfe and the Artists*, p. 38.

[41]Nothing is known of this affair, which, as there was no bloodshed, would be of little interest to the contemporary public. Riots were frequent at this time, especially in the western counties, and the civil magistrates were sometimes suspected of conniving at them. See the lament of a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1757 (XXVII, pp. 591-2).

[42]See note 24.

[43]John Beckwith had been a Major in the 20th Foot since December 29, 1755 (Army List for 1757, p. 52), and afterwards succeeded Wolfe as Lieutenant-Colonel. We gather that he had recently been recruiting in the north of England to fill the ranks of the second battalion. Major Smyth (*History of the Lancashire Fusiliers*, I, p. 98) says that the second battalion of the 20th Foot was first formed "in the spring of 1757," but Wolfe's remark shows that it must have been somewhat earlier.

[44]Wolfe expressed a different opinion a little later. Writing to his father on May 13, 1757, he says: "Our second battalion is in very good condition, healthy and forward in their exercises, and the soberest collection of young Englishmen that I ever saw. The Major [Beckwith] has been extremely lucky in recruiting."

[45]MS. runs the two words together: intolerable.

[46]See note 43.

[47]It is a curious fact that Wolfe ultimately commanded these "terrible Dogs" himself. On April 21, 1758, the second battalion of the 20th Foot was constituted the 67th Regiment, with Colonel James Wolfe in command (Smyth, *History of the Lancashire Fusiliers*, I, p. 103).

[48]Burton Bindon was a Captain in the 33rd Regiment of Foot (Army List for 1757, p. 67), of which the Duke of Richmond was at this time Lieutenant-Colonel; see note 55.

[49]Probably the offenders had been engaged in preparing the camp at Bradford Heath, near Dorchester, where the regiment was afterwards stationed (see note 54). An alternative possibility is that they were some of the men who had accompanied Beckwith on his recruiting expedition in the north; in that case the allusion would be to Bradford in Yorkshire.

[50]The well-known story that Wolfe dined with Pitt on the eve of his departure for Canada, and indulged in unseemly boasting and bravado, should be read in the light of this confession, though we may be certain that the story is itself exaggerated. Stanhope

remarks that "it confirms Wolfe's own avowal, that he was not seen to advantage in the common occurrences of life, and shows how shyness may at intervals rush, as it were, for refuge, into the opposite extreme" (*History of England*, ed. 1846, IV, p. 229). Apparently Wolfe himself was aware of some such possibility.

[51]This seems to be the earliest allusion in Wolfe's correspondence to his approaching engagement to Miss Katherine Lowther. According to Dr. J. C. Webster (*Wolfiana*, p. 23): "When Wolfe first met Miss Katherine Lowther is not certain, but it was probably about New Year, 1757, while visiting his mother at Bath. This lady was the daughter of Robert Lowther, who before his death had been Governor of Barbadoes. Her brother was Sir James Lowther, who later, became first Earl of Lonsdale. She was very beautiful and accomplished. The development of their love affair cannot be traced but it is evident that there was no engagement until after Wolfe's return from Louisberg. . . . Before he left for Canada, she gave him a beautiful miniature of herself, and a copy of Gray's Elegy. The latter volume, now in the United States, bears on the title-page the inscription, 'K. L. *Neptune* at Sea.' It was evidently read very carefully by Wolfe, for on the pages are annotations and comments in his hand-writing, probably made during the voyage."

[52]Wolfe refers to the Duke's engagement to Lady Mary Bruce, daughter of the fourth Earl of Elgin and grand-daughter of the fourth Duke of Argyll. The marriage took place on April 1, 1757.

[53]Apparently the allusion is to Lord Blakeney, who was now old and infirm. He had owed his promotion in the Army to the former Duke of Richmond, and would be well known to the present Duke. As a soldier he had almost everything in common with Wolfe except genius.

[54]Wolfe's regiment was stationed at Bradford Heath, near Dorchester, where an encampment had been formed in June, 1757 (see *Notes & Queries*, 1st ser., V, p. 186). His biographers assume that he remained there until, some time in July, he was summoned to London to take part in the Rochefort expedition. It appears from this letter that he was granted leave somewhat earlier, on account of a "family misfortune." The exact nature of that misfortune we have no means of knowing.

[55]The Duke of Richmond, formerly a Captain in Wolfe's regiment (see note 3) had been promoted on June 7, 1756, to be Lieutenant-

Colonel of the 33rd Regiment of Foot (Army List for 1757, p. 67). The deserter had been unfortunate in his choice of a refuge.

[56]"It is abundantly evident that the ranks were filled in great measure by professional criminals, who passed from regiment to regiment, spreading everywhere the infection of discontent, debauchery, and insubordination" (Fortescue, *History of the British Army*, II, p. 32). Wolfe was attempting to stamp out the "knavish profession" of which this man was typical. He would not have written in these terms from mere vindictiveness against an individual.

[57]Presumably Wolfe was writing immediately after his arrival in London from Dorsetshire (see note 54); otherwise he would hardly have used the present tense. His movements at this time have not been clearly traced by his biographers, and this is a useful indication.

[58]John Beckwith was still a Major in the 20th Foot (see note 43). Who "the other two" were is not known; probably they were officers engaged in recruiting or in drilling recruits.

[59]The King's Dragoon Guards were one of the six regiments encamped near Dorchester (see note 54) under the supreme command of Lieutenant-General Sir John Mordaunt. Colonel Humphrey Bland, in command of the Dragoons, was the author of a *Treatise on Discipline* which "for the greater part of the century was the recognized text-book of drill and discipline in the British Army" (*D.N.B.*). If Wolfe's account is correct he seems to have been mainly a theoretical disciplinarian. In a letter of March 7, 1755, Wolfe speaks of him as "old doting Humphrey."

[60]Frederick the Great had been heavily defeated at the Battle of Kolin, on June 18, 1757, by an Austrian army under Marshal Daun.

[61]The French took possession of Ostend on July 19 and of Nieuport on the twentieth (*Gent. Mag.*, XXVII, p. 331). It is not known what were the "4 Cautionary Towns" demanded from the Dutch. Possibly Wolfe was misled by rumour.

[62]This is bold advice to a man of great possessions, but Wolfe would certainly, in the Duke's position, have wished to act on it. A little earlier (February 23, 1757) he had written to his mother: "I would have him [his father] engage in lotteries and all schemes for raising money, because I believe they are honestly intended; and though he should be considerably a loser, the motive of his actions will overbalance his losses. Let the General keep a little ready money by him for his own use and yours and with the rest,

if he has it, assist the State; nay, I should go so far as to advise him to lend three or four thousand pounds to the Government without any interest at all, or give it, since it is the savings of his salaries and the reward of his services."

[63]In the British Museum copy of the Army List for 1759 (interleaf facing p. 67) the name "Bolton Power" is entered in ink, in an eighteenth-century hand, in the list of Captains Lieutenant of the 20th Foot. The date of his commission is given as August 26, 1759. A further manuscript note on the opposite page (67) records him as having been "Kill'd in Germany." He is not mentioned by Wolfe elsewhere.

[64]Wolfe's exasperation is easy to understand. His regiment was at the Isle of Wight, waiting to take part in the expedition to Rochefort; but already six weeks had been wasted, and Wolfe seems to have felt intuitively that the enterprise would fail. The failure, as we know now, was due entirely to incompetent leadership. "We lost the lucky moment in war," he wrote to his father on September 30, "and are not able to recover it." Indirectly the affair had an influence on events which were to change the course of history, though no one could have foreseen it at the time. Wolfe, though overruled by the higher command, displayed something of his genius for strategy, and returned with an enhanced reputation. His conduct did not escape the notice of Pitt, who began from this time to feel that confidence in Wolfe which was soon to be vindicated at Louisbourg, and afterwards at Quebec.

[65]It was generally believed that the French would attempt a landing in England after the invasion of Hanover and the defeat of the Duke of Cumberland (see note 31). Pitt's object in planning the Rochefort expedition was to get his blow in first; but that blow was to be ineffective, as Wolfe foresaw, and more likely to provoke trouble than to avert it.

[66]This is an accurate description of what was to occur at Rochefort in less than a month, and Wolfe is entirely right in finding the fundamental cause in "the nature of our discipline." The Generals considered suggestions, debated them at length, and ultimately compromised by doing nothing; but the most serious weakness was the lack of co-operation between land and sea forces. The only "flashes of courage" were those displayed by Wolfe himself, and the small band of volunteers whom he led.

[67]The Duke of Richmond had been appointed Colonel of the

newly constituted 72nd Foot on May 9, 1758 (Army List for 1759, p. 124). The new regiment had been formed out of the second battalion of the 33rd, of which the Duke had been Lieutenant-Colonel (R. Cannon, *Historical Record of the Seventy-Second Regiment*, p. xxxiv); see note 55.

[68]Lord George Lennox (previously mentioned by Wolfe in Letter III) had succeeded his brother as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 33rd Regiment of Foot on May 8, 1758 (Army List for 1759, p. 80).

[69]Wolfe writes within two days of the capture of Louisbourg, which was very largely his own achievement. He was now a Brigadier-General, and was to be known to the British public, until his final triumph, as "the hero of Louisbourg."

[70]The "foolish Sortie" took place on the night of June 9, 1758. It appears from Lord Amherst's account (*Gent. Mag.*, XXVIII, p. 387) that the French suffered more losses than they inflicted.

[71]See Lord Amherst's account, cited in note 70. On June 21, three of the five ships in the harbour, the *Entreprennant*, *Capricieux*, and *Célèbre*, were set on fire and destroyed by the explosion of the gunpowder in one of them. "The *Prudent* and *Bienfaisant*," says Amherst, "remained;" but, as we learn from the present letter, both were seriously disabled. On the twenty-fifth the English Admiral sent six hundred men, in boats, to attack the *Prudent* and *Bienfaisant*. "The boats," says Amherst, "got to the ships at one in the morning, and took them both: They were obliged to burn the *Prudent*, of 74 guns, as she was aground; and they towed off the *Bienfaisant*, of 64, to the N.E. harbour." It appears that the *Bienfaisant* was ultimately taken into the British Navy, as a ship of that name, of 64 guns, was in the West Indies, in the fleet commanded by Admiral Holmes, in 1760 (*Annual Register*, III, p. 257).

[72]The tribe of Indians known as the Mic-Macks were devoted allies of the French. Writing from Louisbourg to his uncle on July 27, 1758, Wolfe says: "The Indians of the island gave us very little trouble. They attacked one of my posts (for I commanded a detached corps) and were repulsed, and since that time they have been very quiet. I take them to be the most contemptible *canaille* upon earth. Those to the southward are much braver and better men; these are a dastardly set of bloody scoundrels."

[73]"The French, in contradistinction to their own Indian allies, termed our Highlanders, Light Infantry, and Rangers, the 'English savages' " (Wright, *Life of Wolfe*, ed. 1864, p. 442, note).

[74]See note 71.

[75]Lord Amherst mentions a frigate as taking part in the raid in which Lord Dundonald was killed (*Gent. Mag.*, XXVIII, p. 387). He adds: "The frigate was so hurt, she hauled close to the town; the ships fired very much against Brigadier Wolfe's batteries."

[76]Samuel Holland (1728?-1801), originally a member of the Dutch army, who joined the British army in 1754, and was with Wolfe not only at Louisbourg but on the Plains of Abraham.

[77]Lord George Lennox, already mentioned in this letter and earlier; see notes 19 and 68.

[78]Wolfe seems to excuse in theory what he would not himself have done in practice. It had not been the intention of the besiegers to fire on the sick and wounded, but a building in the citadel had been set on fire by the explosion of a shell in the roof. "Under the adjacent ramparts were the casemates, one of which was crowded with wounded officers, and the rest with women and children seeking shelter in these subterranean dens. Before the entrances there was a long barrier of timber to protect them from exploding shells; and as the wind blew the flames towards it, there was danger that it would take fire and suffocate those within. They rushed out, crazed with fright, and ran hither and thither with outcries and shrieks amid the storm of iron" (Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, II, pp. 67-8).

We have Wolfe's own assurance that the worst terrors were not realized. The day before the date of this letter he had written to his mother: "I went into Louisberg this morning to pay my devoirs to the ladies, but found them all so pale and thin with long confinement in a casemate, that I made my visit very short. The poor women have been heartily frightened, as well they might; but no real harm, either during the siege or after it, has befallen any."

[79]Drucour, the French commander, had been persuaded to capitulate, against his own strong wish, by a petition from the civil population. The petitioners seem to have been uneasily aware that there was some ground for Wolfe's charge of "unprecedented Barbarities." They say that the English soldiers will be "eager for plunder, and impelled to deeds of horror by pretended resentment at what has formerly happened in Canada" (Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, II, p. 73).

[80]It was Wolfe's constant complaint at this time that the higher powers could not be induced to follow up the capture of Louisbourg

by an immediate campaign for the conquest of Canada. Had he had his way, and been allowed the necessary reinforcements, he would have gone straight from Louisbourg to Quebec. See his letters, quoted by Beckles Willson, *Life and Letters of Wolfe*, pp. 386-97.

[81]Lord Howe had been killed in a skirmish with the French on July 6, 1758. The opinion of his merits expressed here by Wolfe was often repeated, and modern historians are inclined to confirm it. See Fortescue, *History of the British Army*, II, p. 326.

[82]Fortescue thinks that to the influence of Lord Howe "may be traced the formation in the same year [1758] of a regiment which, being designed for purposes of scouting and skirmishing only, was clothed in dark brown skirtless coats without lace of any description, . . . and was known as Gage's Light Infantry." He adds: "It must not be supposed that these reforms were accepted without demur. Officers were amazed to find that they were expected to wash their own clothes without the help of the regimental women, and to carry their own knives and forks with them according to Howe's example; and the German soldiers, of whom there were many in the Sixtieth, sorely resented the cropping of their heads" (*History of the British Army*, II, p. 324). Perhaps Wolfe's innovations had met with opposition of the same kind, constituting the "particular causes" which he mentions.

However that may be, Wolfe could hardly have admitted that Lord Howe had been the first to discover the use of Light Infantry. According to Beckles Willson: "His favourite Light Infantry had been highly trained by Wolfe. . . . This style of guerilla warfare, which then seemed novel and won much admiration, was the result of Wolfe's reading in history. At mess one day one of the captains remarked that these tactics reminded him of Xenophon's description of the Καρδοῦχοι, who in his retreat over the mountains harassed his rear. Wolfe smiled. 'I had it from Xenophon,' he said simply, 'but our friends here are astonished at what I have done because they have read nothing' " (*Life and Letters of Wolfe*, p. 380).

[83]Charles Grey, then a Captain in the 20th Foot, had served under Wolfe at Rochefort. As he was two years younger than Wolfe it must be merely as a term of endearment that Wolfe speaks of him as "old Grey." He was afterwards raised to the peerage, and was the father of Earl Grey of the Reform Bill.

[84]See note 40.

[85]"The harmony which subsisted between the land and sea forces,—now, perhaps, for the first time in our history, really an 'United Service,'—may safely be assigned as the principal cause of the unwonted success" (Wright, *Life of Wolfe*, p. 458). That harmony had been conspicuously absent at Rochefort, but was to be brought to perfection by Wolfe and Saunders at Quebec.

[86]Admiral Sir Charles Hardy had been in charge of the transports; on arrival at Louisbourg he had served at the siege under the command of Admiral Boscawen.

[87]In a letter to his mother dated August 11, 1758, which has often been quoted, Wolfe says: "Nature has refused them nothing, and there will grow a people out of our little spot, England, that will fill this vast space, and divide this great portion of the globe with the Spaniards, who are possessed of the other half. If we had been as lucky this campaign as we had reason to expect, and had not lost the great man, whom I shall ever lament, the corner-stone would probably have been laid of this great fabric. It is my humble opinion that the French name would soon have been unknown in North America, and still may be rooted out, if our government will follow the blows they have given, and prosecute the war with the vigour it requires." The passage in the text makes it certain that the "great man" mentioned in the second sentence quoted must be Lord Howe.

[88]During the siege the French, according to Wright, "had dismantled their Grand Battery on the north side of the harbour, called in their outposts, and concentrated all their power within the walls of Louisbourg,—a proceeding which gave the English an uninterrupted range of the country" (*Life of Wolfe*, p. 433).

[89]Perhaps another allusion to Holland, or Hollandt, the Dutch engineer. See note 76.

[90]Major-General Lord Charles Hay, who had greatly distinguished himself at Fontenoy, had been sent to America in 1757 to serve under Lord Loudoun, but was supposed to have said of his commander that "the general was keeping the courage of his majesty's troops at bay, and expending the nation's wealth in making sham sieges and planting cabbages when he ought to have been fighting" (see *D.N.B.*, and the authorities there cited). For this he was arrested, and it was intended that he should be brought home to England to be tried by court martial; but he was obliged

to spend a long time in Canada waiting for a ship, and Wolfe's talk with him must have occurred during this interval. He was ultimately brought to trial in 1760, but died before the court had promulgated its findings. Dr. Johnson mentions a letter which he wrote on his behalf (Boswell's *Life*, ed. Birkbeck Hill, III, p. 9). The passage in the text is the only evidence that he and Wolfe met in Canada.

[91]Lord Loudoun had been recalled in December, 1757. The event, therefore, was not very recent, and Wolfe's remark seems to have been prompted by recollections of his talk with Lord Charles Hay. His opinion of Lord Loudoun's administration has been fully endorsed by the judgment of history.

[92]Unfortunately the secret of this cryptic allusion has not been discovered. Perhaps the blank conceals a pet name of the Duke's eldest daughter, who must have been at this time in very early infancy.

PROLETARIAN FICTION IN ENGLAND

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

"It is not emotion that destroys a work of art, but the desire to demonstrate something."—André Malraux, Preface to *Days of Wrath.*

I

THE Novel and the People, a book recently published by Ralph Fox (who died fighting for the Loyalists in Spain) charges that modern fiction is characterized by complete intellectual bankruptcy, that it is feeble in quality and anaemic in content, faced with difficulties which it cannot overcome. He dismisses novelists like Wells, D. H. Lawrence, and Aldous Huxley because they lacked the knowledge and the understanding to report the whole truth, the ability to portray dynamic characters in interaction with their environment, characters who are master of their destiny. Yet he, too, warns against the dangers inherent in the bald politicalization of fiction.

A survey of the English fiction of the last decade reveals at first glance no recognizable pattern; it is an incoherent medley of discordant themes and styles, ideas and techniques. But one thing is noticeable: an ideological trend does emerge. An increasing number of novels are concerned with the treatment of the contemporary social situation—its politics, its economic conflicts, its underlying significance. They lay particular emphasis on the proletariat as a class. There are works of fiction which deal with the familiar themes of the War, mass unemployment, destitution, strikes, communism, revolution. It is chiefly the younger writers who betray this heightened awareness of social issues.

The wave of Marxism has swept over England, as it has over large parts of Europe and America, but it has produced a strikingly unorthodox reaction there. It has not tempted the English writers to float with the ideological tide. In an age marked by an absence of deep-rooted spiritual attachments or enduring loyalties, any system of values which succeeds in taking the individual out of himself, out of his fragmentary, isolated state, will gain converts from the ranks of the *literati*. The writer at present is eager to win the certitude of faith, to identify himself with some broad social movement in which he can participate together with his

fellow men. Such a movement has the power of unifying his vague conflicting impulses and ideals, of enlarging and ennobling his limited personal existence. Though not to be trusted as an interpreter of Marx, Mr Middleton Murry is probably right in contending that Marxism represents for many people a surrogate for lost religion. The writer is essentially a believer, and his late interest in Marxism has been prompted largely by an ethical impulse: the desire to share in the fundamental task of creating a collectivistic society. To the discomfort, however, of Marxist theoreticians like Mr John Strachey, English writers have fought shy of the rigid intellectual implications of dialectical materialism. They will gladly embrace any idea that promises to enlarge the scope and increase the richness and value of existence, but if it threatens the integrity of their art or their creative function as artists, they will be up in arms. Even if they cannot refute the Marxist position logically, they will reject it intuitively. What is injurious to art, they conclude, cannot possibly be right.

Especially in England has the resistance to the Marxist invasion been strong. It might be called a form of aesthetic sabotage, a sturdy opposition to party dogma and bureaucratic control of the arts. Marxism has been in the air—who to-day can escape its pervasive influence? It has been widely discussed, but it has not gained that feverish, all-absorbing importance that it has acquired among novelists and critics in America.

The writer *as writer* does not belong to a class. He cannot be fitted into any pure economic category. He is neither proletarian nor *bourgeois*, neither capitalist nor parasite. The living material he utilizes cannot be circumscribed within a hard-and-fast frame of political abstractions. Reality has no frame except the one he imposes on it. The frame and the picture are all of a piece. The pattern is creative, not conceptual. Hence Socialist realism, as the Surrealists have pointed out in their manifestos, is a misnomer. In his book, *Aspects of the Novel*, Mr E. M. Forster makes more or less the same point when he declares that life transcends the categories of social politics. There is always something beyond, a region which the writer can penetrate and illuminate.

In science a theory is not accepted as "true" unless it can be empirically applied, or unless it shows possibilities of fruitful application. Operational validity is the test of theoretical truth. In literature, however, this test is not employed, and theories,

regardless of their degree of validity, are readily embraced. The confusion that thus results is most clearly apparent in the field of aesthetic speculation where the most flagrantly contradictory doctrines exist side by side, without seeming incongruity. That literature should be interpreted in so many different ways is really not surprising. Literature explores the area of the feelings: desire, beliefs, sympathies, dreams, aspirations. It is a universe of relative and pluralistic values. In such a universe almost any aspect of the total reality can be singled out as characteristic of the whole. Thus art may be both realistic and intuitive, materialistic and idealistic, interested and disinterested, romantic and classical, practical and playful, doctrinaire and pure, sociological and absolute.

The theory most open to question at the present time is the one based on the theory of dialectical materialism. Many definitions of proletarian fiction have been advanced; none so far has proved quite satisfactory. If proletarian fiction, as the latest formulation would have it, is fiction concerned with the revolutionary vanguard of the working class, then that conception immediately involves a restriction and hence a falsification in some measure of the total reality which it is, presumably, the duty of the novelist to interpret. According to such a recipe, fiction is not proletarian but revolutionary; that is to say, it confines itself to a minority of active, enlightened leaders of a class, whom it presents as symbols of what can and must be accomplished by the class as a whole. By concentrating attention on these chosen few, it falsifies the picture in that it fails to portray the worker as he truly is: stubbornly conservative, conventional, a victim of stereotypes and propaganda of the most elementary kind, easily satisfied, easily betrayed because he is ignorant and because he is the product of his social environment. Proletarian fiction is, therefore, too vague a term to be useful. Would it not be better to describe as Marxist the fiction whose material was consistently interpreted in the light of the Marxist philosophy? Such fiction would simply consist of a narrative giving within the limits of artistic necessity a Marxist interpretation of human behaviour as a function of the socio-economic background. The more comprehensive term, "proletarian fiction," would then apply to fiction that deals with industrialism in general, or with some aspect of the labour problem in particular, and this without reference to the explicit political orientation of the author.

Surely a novelist may be permitted to handle a theme like a strike, a labour crisis, a period of acute economic suffering and industrial dislocation, without necessarily subscribing to Marxism as a political doctrine. Charles Dickens, Pierre Hamp, Charles Kingsley, D. H. Lawrence, H. G. Wells have taken up such themes, and the effectiveness of their work is not to be gauged by its conformity to some rounded political theory. If the social novelist of to-day differs from his predecessors, it is because he has a more distinct and urgent conception of his duty to portray the whole life of society, and has grown conscious of the need of formulating some coherent attitude towards life, of adopting some beliefs around which symbols can crystallize. The social problem has become of central importance; "the condition-of-England question" is the pivot of the tale. Political and economic realities have entered contemporary fiction, drama, poetry, and criticism, and the writer with a sensitive conscience can no longer evade them.

Granted that he feels this social responsibility, must he, therefore, regard his function as that of a fervent propagandist? If he is to retain his integrity as a writer—indeed, if he is to continue his work as a writer at all—he must to some extent remain detached from political parties with their inflammatory slogans and internal feuds. He must not sacrifice his independence of thought and observation to any political dogma. As a creative personality he must seek to clarify and interpret the passions involved in the political and economic struggle, but as soon as he obviously and didactically takes sides he surrenders his total perspective and obscures his creative vision. His task is to present a situation objectively, to tell a story, reveal character in action; if he does that well, his work will carry its own overtones of social significance. It cannot help doing so in part, for any presentation of material is determined in the last analysis by the social, moral, and political beliefs of the writer. His creative purpose, of course, directs his selection and interpretation of the material, which has to be documented to be rendered convincing. What the novelist must avoid is the attempt to convert us, to make us support a cause. As Mr H. E. Bates, the novelist, puts it, "it is not the novelist's business to champion at all, any more than it is his business to judge. His job is to create and interpret." This does not mean that he is banned from exercising his prerogative as a citizen to engage in

political activities and support the movement in which he profoundly believes.

"I do not myself believe in the necessity of a class war," said Mr Bonamy Dobrée recently, "I do not hold that there is a rigid dividing line of class consciousness; but here, surely, is an idea which the novelist should dissect, analyse, not directly, but by implication; here above all places, perhaps, is it urgent that he should exercise his function of dispelling hatreds." And this is precisely what a growing number of English novelists have attempted to do: to deal with the social realities of their day, to dispel hatred, to create a new society based on brotherhood and equality.

II

Perhaps the most gifted and powerful writer of English proletarian fiction is Ralph Bates. He has not hidden his social faith. Besides writing novels, he has championed the cause of the working class, and has fought for the Loyalists in Spain. What definitely sets Ralph Bates off from the general run of proletarian novelists is his profound and comprehensive insight into nature, coupled with an exceptional artistic mastery of his material. There can be no question of his first-hand knowledge of the labour movement in Spain, or on which side of the class struggle his sympathies lie, nor is one left in doubt as to the ultimate direction in which he believes history will move. The proletariat, he believes, is destined to triumph. Now the artist cannot be denied the fundamental right of possessing and expressing strong convictions on any phase of life, political or amatory. In the case of Ralph Bates, no resistance is aroused in the reader because the convictions are implicit in the texture of the work, an integral part of the stuff of life he is weaving. He achieves the objectivity, he voices that compassion, springing from a heightened perception of reality, which lie at the centre of effective and universal art. He is tolerant, gentle, generous, understanding. His anarchistic characters are more than anarchists, his Communists are more than martyrs engaged in a holy Marxist crusade. His people are thoroughly human, racy, alive, complex, with that intangible, protean, contradictory quality about them, which is the secret of the fourth-dimension in characterization. Besides their absorption in the class struggle, they fall in love; they get riotously drunk; they are filled with gusts of passion; they

feel moments of doubt and seizures of faith; they enjoy singing and dancing; they possess an inviolable centre of being where they face the Absolute—their God, their naked quivering self. Moreover, Ralph Bates is an artist in prose. In both *Lean Men* and *The Olive Field*, his descriptions are beautifully wrought; his scenes are arranged in a sequence of moods, of action and introspection, of deep suspense and comic relief, that strikingly suggest the discontinuity of life itself, the incursions of the irrational, the disconcerting impact of accident and chance.

Though the background of *The Olive Field* is in Spain and the events centre around political upheavals, there broods over the novel an atmosphere of pain and sorrow and inevitability which is essentially tragic. Occasionally that sorrow reaches a poignancy of realization which makes for its opposite—ecstasy and abandon. For Ralph Bates is aware—and this is of profound significance—that the political struggle is but a symbol, that men risk their lives and are willing to make any sacrifice for an idea, for the hope of building a society that will permit greater freedom and restore the dignity that belongs to man. Instead of attempting to drive home at all costs the ideological implications of the struggle, he is moved by "the human and spiritual conflict" of the Revolution, bringing in political matters only when they become "a dramatic reality."

In *Lean Men*, which came before *The Olive Field*, workers of all shades of opinion and character, illiterate, profane, sensual, loyal, treacherous, dissolute, leap vividly to life. What binds them together, whatever their political affiliations, is a hatred of their oppressors, a determination to overthrow the class that rules them so blindly and so cruelly, to reassert their lost dignity as men. Again, Ralph Bates is not composing a revolutionary pamphlet, but a work of the imagination. As a writer he cannot believe in the mechanical determinism which decrees that history dialectically marches towards one increasing purpose. The pattern of causality, he realizes, is often fantastic and unpredictable, criss-crossed erratically with lines of chance. But he does not surrender the faith which he has embraced: "The ideal of eventual equality, to be achieved perhaps after centuries of effort, the ideal of universal culture . . ., the quest for social justice, the insistent desire for a life whose mechanism should be as beautifully logical and exact as a mathematical equation." He would fight against injustice, as against all evils that crush the human spirit. The world was

ashamed of the doctrine of equality; "yet it was that inescapable ideal of all mankind which, unsatisfied, whispered in the heart of men and kept them in sickness, a profound malady of spirit which would last until mankind resolutely set about its great revolutionary task, of creating life." This is the faith that sustains him in the trenches and in his work; this is the faith which will suffuse his next novel, *Offensive*, an account of the three-weeks' siege of Brunete, in which he took a part.

III

Next in importance to Ralph Bates among the English proletarian novelists one must rank James Hanley. He is more passionate, more concentrated, more realistic; his Zolaesque plot marches grimly to a sharp single climax. Both the environment and the people in it are delineated with stark honesty. An atmosphere of depression pervades his novels and short stories. Models of naturalistic fidelity, they seldom rise to a plane of ecstasy; they rarely reach a point of high and liberating vision. For his characters are sodden like mud, dreamers but without hope or understanding, rebels but without energy or aim, facing an existence that is sordid, blank, futile. They have lost faith; they know the bitterness of poverty and defeat; they wander lost in the brutalized twilight of a miserable disenchantment.

Hanley's *Stoker Bush* is a naturalistic tale of love set against a background of proletarian squalor. *Men in Darkness* contains five stories of unequal merit. The first is the best, but all give the same impression of the physical humiliations and degradations that the underdogs of life have to suffer. We behold the cruelty that life engenders in men driven to desperation by economic want, the cruelty to which they are compelled by forces beyond their control. Hanley records the life of the unemployed, the hopeless, the men in darkness, and the sad fate that lies in store for them—and he records it with brooding compassion. This is what makes his work so interesting from a social point of view. It is proletarian art in its true sense because it conforms visibly to no ideological formula. Honest observation and effective compassion cannot be produced according to formula. These sailors whose lives are spent in drudgery and drunkenness know no class-consciousness; they know the sense of danger, the stark sensation of fear, the comradeship

that comes of work shared in common, the terror of economic insecurity, the hatred of bureaucracy and oppression. Hanley is all the time aware that there are other elements in life besides the economic, that every impulse cannot be interpreted deterministically.

His two major works are *The Furys* and its sequel, *The Secret Journey*. In the grim cumulative realism of the former novel, there is no blinking of human failings, no relief from bleak, heart-rending tragedies that trap and crush the poor. Fact and fiction, reality and symbol are fused with economy and precision. One of the solid merits of the book is its absence of self-consciousness. James Hanley knows these people intimately—their desires, their obscure promptings and aspirations, the gray uniformity of their drab and often wretched lives. But he does not obtrude his own reactions to these things; he submerges his personality in the creative synthesis of his material. Realism, however, has its drawbacks. Descriptions of misery, of wretchedness piled upon wretchedness, of hearts that suffer without a full capacity to feel and yet must endure to suffer more, become monotonous. But the climax, when it comes at last, is rewarding; it climbs to a pitch of intensity that is the result of patient, minute documentation. Hanley has compassion for his unhappy, toil-worn, poverty-stricken characters, but it is a disinterested compassion. *The Furys* is a fine example of proletarian fiction at its best.

The Secret Journey, better organized than *The Furys*, shows a heightening of power. Here again he has chronicled the life of the poor, their unrelieved routine, their ignorance, their apathy and hopelessness. They were born to be slaves, hewers of wood and drawers of water, destined to suffer want and humiliation. It is an honest portrayal, overwhelming in its grim realism. We witness scenes of eviction, suicide, murder. Each one of the principal characters experiences a moment of rebelliousness, nurses a passionate dream of escape, but in the end his pride is broken, his hopes destroyed; he learns to submit.

Somewhat resembling Hanley, but lacking his imaginative grasp, his power of documentation, his saving compassion, is Liam O'Flaherty. He is imbued with a rugged contempt for humanity, which conditions his work and his attitude towards life. As an artist he enjoys watching the habits of human kind very much as a scientist watches the behaviour of an ant-heap. When he begins to think, however, O'Flaherty's ingrained prejudices break forth;

the disguise of detachment and objectivity is dropped; he reveals himself as a pugnacious, stubborn Irishman whose mind is set and who will not listen to argument or reason. Life, he insists, is a battle for survival. Blind, ruthless competition prevails among animals and among men, except that society has softened the primal struggle for existence by establishing rules of legal humanitarianism. But the fiction cannot be preserved. Beyond our ideals of perfection and equality and brotherhood, there is always something unknown, a force mysterious, sinister, destructive.

For reasons mainly political, O'Flaherty has been assailed by left-wing critics as a reactionary writer. This is largely irrelevant. The political orientation of a writer, be it right or left, need not prevent him from writing novels of value. O'Flaherty's brutal scepticism affects his interpretation of people and events, but it does not interfere with his method which is, like Hanley's, naturalistic. Whatever ideas he may have about labour and politics, he has drawn directly from observation while on his travels about the world. He has worked at many jobs, and has known hunger and want. He has been in closer contact with the proletariat and with the outcasts of the earth than many glib expositors of Marxism and the Revolution. He has seen and suffered enough to realize that individual thought is necessary to the vitality of society. If the working-class people are more interesting than the upper classes, it is not due, he declares, to any mysterious virtue that resides in manual labour. Working people are interesting because they are not civilized, because they are natural, racy, spontaneous. This realization came to him, he tells us in his book of travels, *Two Years*, after he had thrown off his belief that communism was the gospel of the new god he sought. Having lived among the proletariat on terms of equality, he knew its ugly side. A brooding individualist, he detests and fears the multitude; the artist in him wishes to stand apart, to observe it as a spectacle. Politics, he feels, is but one aspect of life. Literature happens to be his means of expressing his personality, and his interest in it is, therefore, greater than his interest in politics. Art, he asserts, "is not based on a theory, nor on any preconceived dogma; but it springs out of life and is brought to life by a vision in the mind of the artist, which, in itself, comes into the mind from a wild fever in the bowels and is inexplicable. To me this Russian deification of the mass as the sole material for artistic creation is atavistic drivel, the child of mediocrity, which, in its jealousy of genius, throws itself on the bosom of the mob."

IV

But the naturalistic method of James Hanley and Liam O'Flaherty, powerful as it is, has run its course. As a reaction against the sentimentality of romantic fiction it was both necessary and salutary. Once naturalism triumphed as a method and was legitimized as art it reached its limits of expansion and could go no further. It gave a faithful reproduction of reality, without excluding the sordid, the gloomy, the repulsive; but men want more than a precisely authenticated copy of reality; they want a world ordered and transfigured by the imagination, they want to discover the pattern in the carpet. The flux of events must be unified by an act of interpretation, and for this philosophic insight and complete understanding are necessary. The revolt against the excesses of naturalism—its violence, its minutely photographed details, its concentration on the ugly and the squalid—the revolt against these excesses was bound to come, and it came, significantly enough, from the same country—Ireland—which fathered a Hanley and an O'Flaherty. For sheer lyrical vitality and mystical illumination, one must turn to Seán O'Faoláin.

O'Faoláin has thought deeply about the duties of the contemporary novelist. If naturalism is limited and unsatisfying—and he finds it too destructive, too pessimistic—what alternative is left? He is not prepared to accept the philosophy of Marxism; for he is not sure that personality is freer under a collectivistic régime conducted on the basis of a materialistic position. For him, as for O'Flaherty, the highest value that man can strive for and attain is a distinctive and free and perfected personality. Determinism, he feels, would transform the world into a madhouse. There must be some unseen purpose towards which the self moves. The novelist must, therefore, cling to his individuality; for this in itself is an agency of reform and purification.

O'Faoláin's *A Nest of Simple Folk* is an ambitious novel, covering the history of a few generations from 1854 to 1916. Though it deals in large measure with the Sinn Fein plots and riots and uprisings, and is, therefore, more nationalist than proletarian in scope, these elements are subordinated to the central requirement of fiction, the delineation of human character in its collisions with fate—in the form of a stern economic environment. The real hero of the novel is the Irish folk; their dreams, their hopes, their

frustrations are depicted with gentle sympathy and insight. Though the hunger for land is uppermost in the minds of these peasants, though the economic struggle shapes their destiny, there is more in O'Faoláin's philosophy of fiction and life than a theory of dialectical materialism. Within limits man can rise superior to circumstance. Other impulses besides the economic urge him on: love, loyalty, allegiance to something higher than himself, longing for beauty or adventure. It is people O'Faoláin loves, not a theory, and it is people he sorrows for and suffers with: men and women bowed and broken by a lifetime of toil in their spent old age, their children far away, sit at night and brood sadly on the futility of existence. In *Bird Alone*, O'Faoláin displays that lyrical fervour which makes his writings soar and shimmer like the wings of a gull on a sun-flooded bay. He achieves his effects by a clairvoyant gift of perception which approximates to mystical vision. The world appears to him a dream-pageant, a shifting screen of symbols, beautiful but fleeting and unreal. He beholds objects about him, be it the smokestacks of the city or the changing surface of the country landscape, with the poetic apprehension that they are fugitive like the images of a dream. Over everything floats a nimbus of glory. The veil lifts rarely but when it does it reveals a face of haunting beauty. That is the only thing which O'Faoláin considers to be real, ultimate, and perfect, and the human relationships he pictures have that blended quality of solidity and insubstantiality which is the product of vision perceiving the idea beneath the flesh and the stone.

The question, of course, is whether some essence of beauty cannot be drained out of the acrid pulp of "low" life. The simple annals of the poor, the life of the disinherited and the defeated, surely even these can communicate a note of human compassion, a moment of universal insight, the redeeming knowledge that necessity hems us in with a ring of spears and that we must make the best of it. Some novelists—Zola in *Germinal*, Hardy in *Jude the Obscure*, André Malraux in *Man's Fate*—have achieved this difficult synthesis. Many of the modern "Marxist" novelists, however, have succumbed to a literalism which springs from an over-scrupulousness of conscience, and a fanatical adherence to doctrine. Only recently have artists begun to rebel—obscurely, often inarticulately—against the dictates of naturalism and of Socialist realism. The Surrealists, however fantastic their faith in the un-

conscious and its potentialities for artistic exploitation, were among the first to point out that no dogma, no theory of aesthetics, should arbitrarily set limits to the total reality which artists explore. Novelists sensed the obvious yet important truth that Marxism, regardless of its aims and ends, did not encompass all of life. Certainly it omitted many aspects that were of primary concern to the novelist, because these aspects were a part of human nature and human life. The conflict between good and evil, the struggle in the mind of man between a weakening faith in God and the teachings of science, the inner dilemmas and contradictions of the ego and super-ego, the evolution of sexuality and changing attitudes towards love, fear and hope and anxiety—these, whether comprised or not within the Marxist canon of what is socially relevant and valuable, constitute the basic stuff of fiction, and out of them, not out of abstractions, can beauty and significance be wrought.

This beauty, this significance, is best exemplified in the work of Lewis Grassic Gibbon, who reveals an astonishing talent. *Cloud Howe*, one of the novels in the trilogy, *A Scots Quair*, is an excellent example of proletarian fiction written by a Marxist who also happens to be a sensitive and highly endowed artist. In a style that is vibrant he portrays the character of the workers—their timidity, their servility, their willingness to accept any *canard* spread by the ruling class. In *Grey Granite*, the second novel in the trilogy, the theme is essentially modern: the impact of industrialism and its effect on various people. Gibbon has succeeded in bringing back the lyrical note to fiction without compromising the truthfulness of his presentation, the integrity of his material. The interpretation of the class struggle is rendered with relentless honesty and candour. The chief character, Ewan, has learned through bitter experience what a professional labour agitator and Communist must endure: "Only by force could we beat brute force; plans for peaceful reform were about as sane as hunting a Bengal tiger with a Bible. They must organize the masses, make them think, make them see, let them know there was no way they could ever win to power except through the fight of class against class, till they dragged down the masters and ground them to pulp." There is the dialectic of the class struggle, not crudely interpolated as preaching, but resolved in terms of the internal dynamic situation in the story.

In contrast to Gibbon, Walter Greenwood reverts to sheer naturalism—naturalism within a Marxist framework. *Love on the*

Dole is a scathing indictment of a civilization that reduces men to penury and defeats their finest instincts. A sober, serious-minded novel, which ends on a pessimistic note, it puts the emphasis on the lives of individuals who represent the fate of a whole class. They have neither freedom nor joy; they do not even possess the security that a slave has—the feeling that he *belongs*, that his wants will be satisfied. The depression, unemployment, the dole, the curse of idleness, the sense of futility that eats into a man like a canker—these make love seem a mockery and marriage a cruel nightmare. There is no escape for these people who would be content with so little and to whom even that little is denied. But Greenwood is first and foremost a novelist. Human beings and the explication of their fate are his primary concern. Though in sympathy with Marxism, he employs no class-conscious catchwords. His other novel, *The Time Is Ripe*, published in England under the title, *His Worship the Mayor*, is a striking specimen of proletarian fiction employing the method of ethical satire. The pitiful, degrading aspects of "low" life, the economic suffering of the unemployed, are contrasted in contrapuntal fashion with the life of the class that is in part responsible for this suffering.

T. O. Beachcroft, the author of proletarian short stories, deserves at least brief mention because he displays marked individual talent. Here again we have a writer of fiction free from class-conscious phrases. His power resides in his scrupulous portrayal of characters and conflicts with which he is closely familiar. His imagination, restrained and enriched by experience, presents the lives of the common people with sympathetic understanding. It is this abounding fit of sympathy—evident also in the work of Bates, Hanley, and even Greenwood—sober and discriminating, which distinguishes his proletarian fiction. No person is too humble or too sordid for compassionate projection. Each one has struggled and suffered, has known ambition and the sting of failure, has dreamed dreams and seen them die in the ebb of the years, has accepted poverty as his natural portion and learned the ultimate wisdom of resignation.

V

Finally, we must notice the work of three novelists, A. J. Cronin, Naomi Mitchison, and Robert Briffault, who have contributed to the growing corpus of proletarian fiction in England. *The Stars*

Look Down, by A. J. Cronin, is a stirring, sincere novel, ambitious in scope, profound in its implications. A study of the lives of men in a mining town, it achieves both authenticity and universality. Ideologically it will not satisfy, and has not satisfied, the requirements of the orthodox Marxist critics. The fate of the characters is presented with detachment against the backdrop of eternity, and the curtain is rung down on a scene of defeat. The novel fails to induce in the reader a spirit of revolutionary militancy. Yet judged as a whole it is a more convincing condemnation of the industrial conditions that degrade and exploit man, it produces a more complete and liberating emotional response, than many works of fiction, both in America and in Russia, which piously conform to the prescriptions of Socialist realism.

Naomi Mitchison's *We Have Been Warned* seeks to portray the awakening social consciousness of the English middle class, its earnestness and muddle-headedness, its enthusiasm and its caution, its unconscious adherence to custom and tradition. The book is full of heart-searching discussions and debates about the new social gospel, Soviet Russia, Marxism, communism, economic suffering and its causes. Naomi Mitchison is, politically and artistically, sufficiently independent to try to resolve her situations in terms of character and environment without regard to doctrinaire wish-fulfilments. Despite its decided merit, however, the novel is spoiled by what may be called its literary sentimentality. The Communist and the cause he stands for are absurdly idealized. Worse still is the Rousseau-Marx-Tolstoy notion, which O'Flaherty attacks, that a miraculous life-giving power radiates from the proletariat, that contact with the workers restores faith, purpose, and meaning to life. Naomi Mitchison understands and describes best the problem of uprooted intellectuals who have changed their political attitude and who are making painful efforts to form a new life-attitude.

Robert Briffault's *Europa* (which is followed by *Europa in Limbo*, a study of the period during the Great War) is an epical narrative describing the years leading up to the War. In bold strokes the author sketches the dominant traits of the ruling caste of Europe, blind to the destiny of a world plunging over the edge of the abyss. The canvas is so huge, the subject-matter so extensive, that Briffault can do no more than give us scenes that are symbolical, characters that typically illustrate the central theme of

political and social degeneration. What one carries away is a brilliant but confused panoramic impression of decadence on a vast scale.

Other novelists, chiefly of the younger generation, are experimenting with proletarian fiction: Alec Brown, Harold Heslop, Rex Warner, Christopher Isherwood; but space does not permit a discussion of their work.* This survey should, however, make it possible to answer in part the question whether the English novel has come to a dead end, whether it has exhausted the potentialities of the traditional forms and materials. While it has not invented a "new" method, proletarian fiction has discovered a mine of unsuspected wealth as well as a new approach. What naturalism once meant to writers like Zola and Hardy and George Moore, the portrayal of proletarian life means to many of the socially aroused English novelists of to-day. What they will do with their opportunity remains to be seen. But whatever path they take, they will have to bear in mind Malraux' warning: "It is not emotion that destroys a work of art, but the desire to demonstrate something. . . ."

*Alec Brown, *Daughters of Albion;* Harold Heslop, *Last Cage Down;* Rex Warner, *The Wild Goose Chase;* Christopher Isherwood, *The Strange Case of Mr Norris.*

AVENUES OF APPROACH TO THE ENGLISH BIBLE

Sir Robert Falconer

TWO years ago in England there was a commemoration of the burning at the stake in October, 1536, of William Tyndale, the greatest of all translators of the Bible into English; in June of this year, 1938, there was recalled, with authentic appraisement of its significance, the injunction of Henry VIII four hundred years ago to the clergy:

> That ye shall provyde . . . one boke of the whole Bible of the largest volume, in Englyshe, and the same sett up in summe convenyent place within the said churche that ye have cure of, whereas your parishners may most commodiouslye resort to the same and rede yt. . . . Item . . . shall expresslye provoke, stere, and exhorte every parsone to rede the same, as that whyche ys the verye lively Worde of God that every Christen man ys bownde to embrace, beleve and folowe, yf he loke to be saved; admonishinge them neverthelesse to avoid all contention, altercation therin, and to use an honest sobrietye in the inquisition of the true sense of the same, and referre th' explication of obscure places to men of higher jugement in Scripture.

I

The translations of the Bible in present use by the English-speaking peoples are the outcome of a process extending over centuries. It goes back as far as the Venerable Bede and King Alfred; John Wycliffe in the fourteenth century first turned the whole Bible from the Vulgate into English, and he left for Tyndale and his successors his bold example, though perhaps little direct legacy of language. The English translations were made to be read and understood by the common people, and the Authorized Version of 1611 became so nationally important that it stands on its own merits with the value to them of an original. It has moulded the English language, determined the moral and social attitudes of average persons, and is even yet an authoritative Word to the majority. This translation of the Bible is quite different from those of the Greek and Latin classics.

These classics appeal to the few: to scholars, men of letters, and others whose taste has been cultivated in the university. By this select company recourse is had to translations, and as a rule the most recent, either as an aid to their understanding of the original, or with the curiosity of experts. None are content with trans-

lations; it is the style of the originals, the faultless word, the metre and cadence of poetry, no less than the substance, indeed the blending of both, which have given them their immortality. Scholars, however, will not cease to translate. Homer still tempts them to venture both in metre and in prose. In 1879 a new experiment, and a most successful one, was made by Butcher and Lang when they did the *Odyssey* into Biblical English, being "as nearly analogous to the Greek Epic as anything our tongue has to offer." But the author of the most recent translation, still in prose, reverts to plain language to reproduce the liveliness and beauty of Homer as a plain story. If the movement of the Greek hexameter defies English metre, much more does the incomparable lyrical poetry baffle even the most skilful. Professor Gilbert Murray goes to the root of the matter: "The sense of difficulty, and indeed of awe, with which a scholar approaches the task of translating the *Agamemnon* depends directly on its greatness as poetry." He does not attempt to abide by the metres of the choral lyrics but creates verse of his own to convey, as far as may be, equivalence of meaning, as in the lovely lines, 737-45:

> And how shall I call the thing that came
> At the first hour to Ilion city?
> Call it a dream of peace untold,
> A secret joy in a mist of gold,
> A woman's eye that was soft, like flame,
> A flower which ate a man's heart with pity.

Those who are bold enough to essay this supremely difficult task of what Mr J. W. Mackail calls "transvaluation," follow one or other of two methods: either a Hellenization of the English, that is to say, an attempt to reproduce Greek rhythms and metre in forms that are strange to English; or a discarding of the original patterns for English verse with its own poetic value.[1] There is, therefore, no standard version of classical poetry or even prose; each translation serves its own day; nor is it a revision, to meet changing styles or advancing knowledge, as of some long-established authority. Connoisseurs of literature, though they read the classics with ease, have zest in following the skill of others as they approximate the meaning or even evaluate the rhythm of a Greek tragedian or of Pindar, of Lucretius, or of Virgil. But such aesthetic or intellectual

[1]See T. F. Higham's essay in *The Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation.*

interest in "transvaluation" hardly stirs the emotions as the reading of the original.

Translations of the Bible are of a different order. In whatever language, whether of originals or of versions, these books have been read, their primary import has been as sacred sources for religion. So dominant is this value that the beauty of their style, which is often of unique excellence, may fade out of conscious thought in the impression that the book makes on the emotion and will of the reader. A Divine oracle must be delivered in Divine language; the reader has never known it in any other. The Old Testament, even in Greek, was held sacred by the Jews of Egypt. Its first five books were translated from the Hebrew before 200 B.C., and became authoritative for the religion and life of the Western Dispersion; they were followed by the "Former Prophets," or the historical books from Joshua to Kings, and the "Latter Prophets," or Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Minor Prophets; the third part, consisting of the Psalms, Proverbs, Job, and the rest of our Old Testament, called the Hagiographa or "The Writings," was translated before the opening of the Christian era and stood on a lower canonical level. Greek MSS. of the Old Testament contain also the Apocrypha, *i.e.*, 1 & 2 Esdras, Tobit, Judith, parts of Esther, the Wisdom of Solomon, the Wisdom of Jesus the son of Sirach, Baruch, the two Maccabees, and a few other productions. The canonical books were called the Septuagint (LXX) because of the legendary tradition that seventy-two Jewish scholars were summoned from Palestine by Ptolemy Philadelphus to translate the Law from rolls sent from Palestine, which they did with miraculous guidance. Elements of truth may be disentangled from the story, but there is no doubt that the translation was due to a popular demand from Hellenistic Jews who did not know the language of their fathers and needed a version in the vulgar tongue. The Greek is crude, at times so literal as to be unintelligible, and has current Egyptian words found in recovered papyri. Much of the text also differs greatly from our Hebrew or Massoretic text, a revision made probably in rabbinical schools at Jamnia after the fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70.

It was the Septuagint version which, from the beginning, the main body of the Christian Church used as its Scriptures; and during the second century translations from it, as well as from what we now call the New Testament, were made for converts who spoke Latin, Syriac, or Egyptian. Of these the most important

for Western Christianity has been the Old Latin, which was the Bible of the African Church and was used also in Rome and Antioch. As time passed changes crept into the Old Latin, new local versions were made, and confusion arose. At the behest of Pope Damasus, in 382, Jerome, the greatest scholar of his day, undertook a revision of them and introduced order by his version, the Vulgate. He used some good Greek MSS. for the New Testament, but was at first content to revise the Old Testament from the Septuagint. He made two revisions of the Psalter, the second of which, called the Gallican, has found its way into the Anglican Liturgy through Coverdale's translation. A few years later Jerome set about translating from the Hebrew, first the Psalms, then Job, restoring to the latter many lines which were missing in the Septuagint; from the Hebrew also he revised Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Canticles, as well as Chronicles, but of these latter only the prefaces remain. "To this day a considerable part of the Latin Bible is in greater or less degree an echo of the Septuagint" (Swete). Jerome's Vulgate met a hostile reception at first, though it was to become the Bible of Western Christendom.

Erasmus prepared the first modern edition of the New Testament in Greek, and had it published by Froben at Basle in 1516; four others followed in his lifetime. Reuchlin (1455-1522), a contemporary of Erasmus, gave a powerful impulse to the study of Hebrew especially in Germany. At the Renaissance, the desire was awakened to get back to the originals of the literatures which held the promise of a new world. This revival of learning contributed powerfully to the revival of religion at the Reformation. Luther, an indifferent Hebraist but more proficient in Greek, used the 1519 edition of the Erasmian New Testament, and the Hebrew text of the Old as well as the Septuagint with, of course, the Vulgate before him. A genius in religion, he absorbed the spirit of the Bible and with striking individuality turned it into his native tongue. His New Testament was issued in 1522; the Old except the prophets in 1524, and the complete edition in 1534. They were received by the common people with such avidity that his translation became a national book for Protestant Germany.

Luther has left a deep mark on the English Bible through both William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale. Tyndale probably visited Luther at Wittenberg after the latter had completed his New Testament and while he himself was engaged on the Greek text

of Erasmus. Sir Thomas More, not indeed an impartial witness, testifies in the *Dialogue* of 1529: "For so had Tyndale, after Luther's counsel, corrupted and changed it [N.T.] from the good and wholesome doctrine of Christ to the devilish heresies of their own, that it was a clean contrary thing."[2] But Tyndale was a more accurate translator than Luther and often follows the Latin of Erasmus. From the New Testament he turned to the Old in Hebrew, and issued the Pentateuch, Jonah, and passages which occurred in the Liturgy. Most probably he left at his death a version of the historical books from Joshua to II Chronicles, which was reproduced in "Matthew's Bible." Wycliffite influence has been traced, though doubtfully, in Tyndale; he is overwhelmingly original both in style and words.[3] His thorough mastery of the simple English tongue influenced almost every verse of the Authorized Version, except, of course, where no translation of his is extant, and some of his expressions were revived by the Revisers of 1881-4.[4] Tyndale has thereby become a prime fashioner of our speech.

Miles Coverdale, himself a master of English prose, issued in 1535 the first complete Bible in English, but he used freely Tyndale, Luther, and others, translating also from the Vulgate. In 1537 followed the "Thomas Matthew Bible," really a new edition of Tyndale, supplemented from Coverdale where he was lacking, under the direction of Tyndale's friend John Rogers. This received a King's licence through Thomas Cranmer's advice to Thomas Cromwell, and for two years it had vogue; but, as it was really the banned edition of Tyndale, they thought good to have Coverdale remove its objectionable notes and prologues, and prepare the edition of 1539, called, because it was "of the largest volume," the "Great Bible." This was read in parish churches following the injunction of 1538. Though often spoken of as "Cranmer's Bible," it was not until the second edition that Cranmer wrote even a prologue for it; in 1542 he also circumvented the efforts of Tunstall and Gardiner to have a revision made by Convocation for the purpose of introducing into it Latin words and more catholic terms.[5] In the seven editions of this version, Dr. H. Guppy has estimated, there were

[2]J. F. Mozley, *William Tyndale*, p. 90.

[3]See a fine essay by G. D. Bone in S. L. Greenslade, *The Work of William Tindale*, p. 55.

[4]Mozley, pp. 98-108.

[5]A. F. Pollard, *Thomas Cranmer*, pp. 166 *ff*.

perhaps twenty thousand copies issued. The Puritan exiles, possibly aided by Coverdale, issued the "Genevan Bible" in 1560, and it enjoyed long popularity; its antidote, the "Bishops' Bible" appeared in 1568. Finally the King James's Version of 1611, the ripened fruit of many cultivators, was given to the English people. The word "finally" is fully justified because, for more than three centuries, it has been so incorporated into English life and culture, and has so coloured its religion and worship, that it can never be superseded. It is a classic from a long creative epoch.

But this translation could not be the last. Scholars of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries had been bringing into existence the new science of Textual Criticism. The Greek and Hebrew languages and thought were also being better understood. Thus by the middle of the nineteenth century educated opinion demanded a new revision. Once again, as in the times of Jerome and Erasmus, voices arose in protest against laying profane hands on the sacred ark of Holy Scripture. The Revision had its origin in action taken by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury in 1870, which appointed two companies of British scholars, the one for the revision of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament, the other for the New, to work concurrently; shortly afterwards the co-operation of American scholars was invited. The whole time devoted to the work was ten years and a half for the New Testament, and three more for the Old, which was completed in 1884. An appendix contained the readings and renderings in which the American companies dissented from their English associates. The American survivors revised these, and in 1901 brought out their own edition of the Revised Version, having placed them in the text together with slight changes in the wording; they added marginal illustrative Biblical passages and running headings for the contents of the pages, drawn in the main from the Biblical text.

While the edition of 1881 and 1884 was strictly a revision, it was based on new texts. Its margins are highly important, because any reading or rendering which did not secure two-thirds of the votes, even if it had a majority of them, was placed therein. Another obvious improvement, which was more than a mere revision, was the substitution of paragraphs for verse divisions and even chapters. Criticism, especially by men of letters, has not spared the Revisers for having often destroyed the style and rhythm of a

classic. The complaint was due in part to jolted familiarity, but it was sometimes justified. This Version, however, has not only won the respect of scholars, but is being read ever more widely in churches. With its margins, more especially in the Old Testament, and on occasion in the American edition, it is an exceedingly faithful, and indeed rather conservative, rendering of good Hebrew and Greek texts.

II

The Revised Version ushered in a new era, to a degree comparable with, though less spectacular than, that signalized by the appearance of the Great Bible in 1539. This was due to the quiet but transforming work of scholarship which created a new approach to the Bible. The idea of verbal infallibility has been dissipated. That theory was transmitted from the Jewish rabbis to Christian theologians, though it is almost endemic in all circles which confine their religious authority to sacred books. But as it was "a notion of the head," it could not last when, through increasing knowledge, the light of clearer intellectual truth was directed on it. The fading away of this dogma of the schools has removed veils from the face of the Scriptures, and has allowed them to shine forth in their multiform beauty and splendour.

The English translators of the Bible had a much easier task than those who address themselves to the Greek classics. The language of the New Testament, itself for the most part popular though often of literary quality, has a Semitic background, not only in the documents which underlie the Synoptic Gospels, but also in the thought of the Fourth Gospel, the Pauline Epistles, and indeed to a greater or less extent in all the other books. The Septuagint, as we have seen, is a literal, often crude rendering of the Hebrew. This Semitic character was perpetuated in the Latin translations which were made from it. The English translators, more frequently than not, were rendering a translation from a translation of the Old Testament, and with it they inherited a legacy of Semitic ideas and words from the Hebrew through the Greek and the Latin. When the first translations had been made from the Hebrew or Aramaic originals into Greek and through it into Latin, the languages were used by persons who were bilingual either in Hebrew or Aramaic and Greek, or later in Greek and Latin. They, therefore, secured equivalence of words when corresponding

religious conceptions existed. Such difficulty as arose was due to the uniqueness of the ideas of the Hebrew religion and of the Christian faith.

The English translators had the further advantage that English was tolerant of Hebrew style. Tyndale recognized the affinities between them:

> The Greek tongue agreeth more with the English than with the Latin. And the properties of the Hebrew tongue agreeth a thousand times more with the English than with the Latin. The manner of speaking is both one; so that in a thousand places thou needest not but to translate it into English, word for word; when thou must seek a compass in the Latin, and yet shall have much work to translate it well-favouredly, so that it have the same grace and sweetness, sense and pure understanding with it in the Latin, as it hath in the Hebrew. A thousand parts better may it be translated into the English than into the Latin.[6]

Tyndale's judgment is that of modern scholars also. The Hebrew language joins clause to clause instead of subordinating one to the other, as does Greek; in this, Hebrew resembles English. Where the Greek uses an adjective, the Hebrew often uses a noun: "a city and mother in Israel" (*i.e.*, a metropolis); "O habitation of justice, O mountain of holiness;" "the son of wickedness;" "the son of the morning." In the period of its shaping, English found no difficulty in appropriating such diction. Hebrew speech is not subtle or refined; it is fertile in the use of proverb, parable, allegory, simile, metaphor, and hyperbole; associated with this last is frequent irony. Poetry is widespread; but it is lyric and gnomic; there are few traces of the dramatic, none of the epic. There were early prose poems such as Jotham's fable (Jd. 9.8*ff.*) and the story of Ruth; folk-songs like that of Deborah (Jd. 5); war songs and songs of worthies (Nu. 21.14; 2 Sam. 1.18*ff.*); laments for the dead, and marriage love-songs. Even in the historical and the prophetical books poetry abounds; above all, of course, is the unsurpassed poetry of Job and the Psalms.

The basal construction of the verse on the single line makes it easy to render into English. The length was determined not by metre or artistic measure, but by what could be pronounced easily in one breath, or by a pause in the thought. This gave rise to its well-known parallelism. Two lines make a verse, sometimes three, and these may be formed into strophes with recurring refrains. The words are simple, concrete, sincere; they are clothed with

[6] *Obedience of a Christian Man*, as in Greenslade, *op. cit.*, p. 89.

sublimity by the impassioned faith in Jehovah as a righteous and merciful God. While the greatest heights are reached in Job, some of the Psalms and portions of the greater prophets are hardly less lofty; even in this passage from one of the Minor Prophets, Habakkuk, the poetry is of high quality:

> For though the fig tree shall not blossom,
> Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
> The labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat;
> The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
> And there shall be no herd in the stalls:
> Yet I will rejoice in the Lord,
> I will joy in the God of my salvation.
> Jehovah, the Lord, is my strength,
> And he maketh my feet like hinds' feet,
> And will make me to walk upon mine high places.

The diction is exalted because it is inspired by the prophet's supreme confidence in the God of his salvation. Hebrew poetry cannot be understood if this element is left out of the account. Most of the great poets of the Old Testament are unknown as to name: the authors of Job and of the chief Psalms, as well as the evangelical prophet of the second half of the book of Isaiah (for prophecy and poetry are akin). None of these displays the conscious effort of the artist; the poet's or the prophet's identity, though not his personality, is lost in the message, which is the Word of God. Fortunately for us the deep spring of his intuition is so clear in his own soul that it issues forth in intelligible imagery. In English it may be well reproduced.

The New Testament possesses many similar literary qualities. This is partly due to its Semitic background. The first two chapters of Luke are pervaded by the spirit of Hebrew poetry. The saying in Mk. 2.19 is Hebraic both in words and in chiastic rhythm: "Can the sons of the bride-chamber fast, while the bridegroom is with them? As long as they have the bridegroom with them, they cannot fast." While a few of the difficulties of the Synoptic Gospels may be due to a faulty translation from the original Aramaic into the Greek of our text, and so are insoluble, the meaning of our restored Greek text does not fail us by reason of inadequacy in the renderings given in the Revised Version, or in more recent scholarly translations.

The New Testament reveals the human spirit in its moral splendour, and, in this sublimity, as a tabernacle for the Divine,

the reality which gives its substance and meaning to the passing show of life. It opens with the Gospels, in which there is manifested a Person of majesty, beneficent power, and winsomeness, one who charms while He awes. He spoke with authority and grace, claiming to know the will of God, and the common people heard Him gladly. He welcomed the outcast and pardoned the sinner. He went about doing good, and men did not shrink from Him in fear even when they were amazed at His transcendent deeds. Unlike though the Fourth Gospel, a product of prolonged reflection, is to the first three, their deeper tones vibrate in unison. Take this from Jn. 14.1-3, 27:

> Let not your heart be troubled: believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. . . . Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful.

How similar the atmosphere of Lk. 24.28 *ff.*:

> And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they were going: and he made as though he would go further. And they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent. And he went in to abide with them. And it came to pass, when he had sat down with them to meat, he took the bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

On passing to the Pauline Epistles we meet an extraordinary personality. Paul has been one of the most influential thinkers and statesmen of the world: happily we have some of his greatest letters, and can easily come into contact with the man. Even to their first readers many of his arguments were hard enough; indeed in the next age the unknown author of 2 Peter says so (3.15, 16):

> Even as our beloved brother Paul also, according to the wisdom given to him, wrote unto you; as also in all his epistles . . . wherein are some things hard to be understood, which the ignorant and unstedfast wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, unto their own destruction.

He can write sheer poetry, like the paean on Christian love in 1 Cor. 13. His most moving eloquence is heard when, as in an Old Testament prophet, impassioned faith irradiates noble language. To this we have been served heirs in the English so effectively that we are not conscious of reading a translation. While the whole of the eighth chapter of Romans is of compelling emotional

power, it rises to lyrical prose in the last ten verses, beginning "What then shall we say to these things?" and ending:

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

A calmer but equally confident note is heard in 2 Cor. 4.16-5.1:

Wherefore we faint not; but though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

For consummate tact and human sympathy delicately expressed, the letter to Philemon on behalf of his run-away slave is a masterpiece of literature. But Paul could use grim sarcasm, as when he tells the Galatians (5.12):

I would that they who unsettle you [the circumcisers] would use the knife even more freely and mutilate themselves.

He was also an adept in irony:

Ye have reached your kingdom without me [he tells the spiritually proud Corinthians]; indeed I would that ye had reached it, so that I might have a chance to reign beside you.

(See the whole passage, 1 Cor. 4.7-13.)

Humour is rare in the New Testament, but it lights up sayings of Jesus both in the Sermon on the Mount and in the parables.[7] With humour He punctured the pretences of His religionist opponents and passed in a flash to withering scorn. The passage in the New Testament in which I find most sustained humour, though it is hidden away in the English translation, is Jn. 9.8-34; here the blind man whose sight was restored by Jesus pokes fun at the Pharisees, who at last turn on him in fury, call him a blackguard, and throw him out of the synagogue.

Space does not permit one to linger upon the human touches that abound in the other epistles, nor on the fine literary narrative of Acts, nor on the work of that stylist and rhetorician, the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, who, in the manner of a philo-

[7]Matt. 6.2, 16; 7.3-5; Lk. 11.5-8; 14.7-11; 16.1-9.

sophical diatribe rather than of a letter, expounds the finality of the Christian faith, which gives substance to the unseen, and is a bridge from the world of shadows to the world of reality. Nor is there space to enlarge upon the greatest of the Apocalypses, with its brilliant but obscure imagery, a confident protest and a prophecy of hope in the midst of a wicked and persecuting world.

Throughout the literature of the Hebrews and of the early Christian Church, saving religion is the theme which gives it uniqueness and vitality. Merely to pick out a few passages for their verbal beauty and aesthetic quality is to finger the book as a dilettante. Most persons will continue to read the Bible for purposes of devotion as the Word of God. For many there will be the theological approach, the interpretation of its religious ideas whether in their variety or in systems, and scholars will ever make new discoveries in the riches of their faith. But there are many others also, who, while often unresponsive to its theological postulates and its doctrinal arguments, though not out of sympathy with its interpretation of human life and its proclamation of the Divine redemption of man, will continue to find in the Bible the consolations and refreshment of great literature. Its literary character is made more appreciable through the Revised Version, especially when its poetical and other patterns are set out in the printing, and when the reader is relieved of the tediousness of many portions which, having lost their interest for all but scholars, are omitted; the aid of short introductions and of brief notes on difficult verses is also desirable.[8]

Teachers of English literature in the universities lament the ignorance of the Bible displayed by their students. Not only is this a loss in itself, but it is also a serious handicap for them in the appreciation of other masterpieces of English. Some go so far as to advocate its inclusion in the required courses of the department; but this would be inexpedient; to place it among the options would be sufficient. Whether in the department of English literature, or in some other, recognition must soon be given, in any university which claims to offer opportunities for comprehensive culture, to the writings of the Hebrews and of the early Christian faith, which have been English classics for four centuries. Education by, and

[8]The latest edition of the Bible of this character which I have seen is *The Bible Designed to be Read as Literature.* Selections made by Ernest Sutherland Bates, with an Introduction by Laurence Binyon (Heinemann).

under supervision of, the state, is firmly established. It has been reasonably successful in promoting efficiency within the secular range of life, but it has come short in fostering the culture of ethical truths and spiritual realities; it has failed to make any great literature a living force in the character of the people. But this should be required when the state professes to train good citizens. To live by ethical truths and spiritual realities is to have been liberally educated. For their evocation and impact the English Bible is a supreme agency. If its use is being neglected because it is deemed that the prohibitory writ of sectarianism still runs, this authority should now be challenged.

MR ELIOT AND SOME ENEMIES

E. K. Brown

I

MR ELIOT has a greater number, and a greater variety, of enemies than any other poet of our time. The lazy dislike his poetry because hard brainwork is required to understand it. The conventional dislike it because it does not conform to any previously dominant type of English poetry. The decorous dislike it because it habitually mentions subjects not directly mentioned in our poetry since the time of Churchill, and mentions them with a salty vigour and brooding subtlety unknown since the time of Donne. Romantics dislike his poetry because it seldom gives free play to rapture or to sensuous moods. Marxists dislike it because it is chiefly concerned with peculiar states of peculiar minds and obtrudes no sociological gospel. Conservatives dislike it because the traditionalism from which it issues is unrelated to the political and insular conservatism which alone they understand. Conservatives and Marxists, conventionalists and romantics, lazy people and decorous people—it is a formidable roster of enemies. The most significant deduction from such a roster is that Mr. Eliot's poetry must be a remarkable phenomenon.

By the relatively small company of its admirers that small body of verse is thought to mark an epoch in English poetry: the date of *The Waste Land*, his central performance, is thought to be closely comparable with 1798 when *Lyrical Ballads* came from the presses of Cottle at Bristol. The world into which the *Lyrical Ballads* fell was one in which poetry had long been following an unsatisfactory course. From Dryden to Pope, from Pope to Goldsmith, from Goldsmith to Crabbe, the *main* stream of English poetry had been steadily becoming narrower, slower, duller. Wordsworth and Coleridge changed the course of that main stream. They shocked their contemporaries; and their contemporaries cried out that they were vulgar or that they were mad or that at the least they were criminally incomprehensible. Thirty years after the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*, in an age which could look back on the poetry of Byron, Shelley, and Keats as well as of Wordsworth and Coleridge, the master-critic could claim, without supposing that his verdict

stood in need of substantiation, that the truest poets of the age, the poets whom posterity would read and value were—Rogers and Campbell. Even Byron, says Francis Jeffrey, "is receding from his place of pride," and the others are "melting fast from our field of vision;" Rogers and Campbell stand out as those "who have the longest withstood this rapid withering of the laurel and with the least marks of decay." So difficult it is, so long a time is needed, to recognize a major re-orientation in the stream of English poetry.

Authoritative critics to-day make similar pronouncements: those of our poets who will be read in the future are, they insist, those who employ with but slight variations the traditional forms and express approximately the traditional sensibilities, poets such as Masefield, Frost, Davies, de la Mare. The truth is that poets such as these are among the last survivors of the romantic tradition which stems from 1798: they are the Rogerses and the Campbells of our day. From Wordsworth and his contemporaries to Tennyson and Arnold, from these to the Pre-Raphaelites, from the Pre-Raphaelites to the opium-eaters of the nineties, on from the poets of the nineties to the Georgians, the stream of poetry was again slowly contracting and weakening. Like Rogers and Campbell the men who dominated English poetry in the years preceding the War were imitative, wanting in richness, vitality, and substance. During the years of War the plight of poetry was concealed from all but the most observant. The experience provided men with a great theme and with direct stimuli to strong feeling: Brooke became a great poet, Sassoon and Blunden significant and moving.

As the War receded into the past, it became evident that poetry had drawn from it only a momentary quickening, that no permanent development in sensibility or in technique was to be derived from it. Opportunely, in the doldrums of the early twenties, Mr Eliot published *The Waste Land* and *The Hollow Men*; in 1930, *Ash Wednesday*. These, with a small group of slighter verses (some of which had been collected as early as 1917) and two poetic dramas, have become the most powerful influence upon contemporary verse in England and in the United States. They have not been without their vivifying influence in Canada, as the anthology *New Provinces* has shown.

II

Wherein does the originality of Mr Eliot's poetry consist, what is the source of its amazing dynamic power? In an introduction to his anthology of Ezra Pound's verse, Mr Eliot says:

> The *vers libre* of Jules Laforgue who, if not quite the greatest French poet after Baudelaire, was certainly the most important technical innovator, is free verse in much the same way that the later verse of Shakespeare, Webster, and Tourneur is free verse: that is to say, it stretches, contracts, and distorts the traditional French measure as later Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry stretches, contracts, and distorts the blank verse measure. The form in which I began to write, in 1908 or 1909, was directly drawn from the study of Laforgue together with the later Elizabethan drama; and I do not know anyone who started from exactly that point.

In *Prufrock*, the earliest of the major poems, one can readily note the juxtaposition and fusion of Elizabethan and French-symbolist passages. What could be more late Elizabethan than the phrasing and movement of this?

> No! I am not Prince Hamlet nor was meant to be;
> Am an attendant lord, one that will do
> To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
> Advise the prince; no doubt an easy tool,
> Deferential, glad to be of use,
> Politic, cautious and meticulous. . . .

With "no doubt an easy tool," "deferential," and "glad to be of use," a new note is struck; and in the following lines the new note swells until finally it drowns out the late Elizabethan:

> Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
> At times indeed almost ridiculous—
> Almost, at times, the Fool.

The phrase "a bit obtuse," the movement of the last two lines, the sensibility of the new tone, recall, and recall strongly, Laforgue and the other technical innovators and new sensibilities of his time in France. The passage which has been quoted is not typical: Mr Eliot is rarely content to reproduce the late Elizabethan, he is intent upon adapting it to the expression of a contemporary sensibility, using it as a starting point in his quest for an adequate personal idiom.

The French symbolists are so much closer to our time in the quality of their sensibility that Mr Eliot can, with excellent effect, employ their forms of expression without any sense of emotional

constraint. He has written four poems in French; and in these, especially in "Lune de Miel" and "Dans le Restaurant," his resemblance to his French masters is startling. Pure Laforgue also is the grotesque apostrophe to the moon in "Rhapsody on a Windy Night:"

> Regard the moon,
> La lune ne garde aucune rancune,
> She winks a feeble eye,
> She smiles into corners.
> She smooths the hair of the grass.
> The moon has lost her memory.
> A washed-out smallpox cracks her face,
> Her hand twists a paper rose,
> That smells of dust and eau de Cologne,
> She is alone
> With all the old nocturnal smells
> That cross and cross across her brain.

Fantastic, full of implications mournful and flippant, this is an appropriate medium for a contemporary sensibility.

It cannot be mere accident that Mr Eliot has found in two ages widely separated in modern history the most emotionally stimulating aspects of the past. It is necessary to inquire what bond exists between the England of Elizabeth and the France of about 1870. In each age a great movement affecting every function of the national life, quickening it to an unprecedented pace, had formed a part of the recent and remembered past. The English Reformation and the French Revolution had raised hopes which they had failed to satisfy, they had erected schemes of polity and preached modes of ideal conduct which time had discovered to be tragically disappointing—and disillusionment had followed. The subtlest minds of 1600 and of 1870 suffered this disillusionment, and those of them who were artists expressed it in their art. Among the late Elizabethans, the two poets who have most affected Mr Eliot suffered with special intensity: and of their disillusionment he has given a great poetic statement:

> Webster was much possessed by death
> And saw the skull beneath the skin;
> And breathless creatures under ground
> Leaned backward with a lipless grin.
>
> Daffodil bulbs instead of balls
> Stared from the sockets of the eyes.

He knew that thought clings round dead limbs
Tightening its lusts and luxuries.

Donne, I suppose, was such another
Who found no substitute for sense,
To seize and clutch and penetrate;
Expert beyond experience,

He knew the anguish of the marrow,
The ague of the skeleton;
No contact possible to flesh
Allayed the fever of the bone.

What Mr Eliot here asserts of Donne and Webster he believes to apply to the age as a whole. "There was," he says with the cool gravity which marks his best criticism, "a general philosophy of life, if it may be called such, based on Seneca and other influences which we find in Shakespeare as in the others. It is a philosophy which, as Mr Santayana observed in an essay which passed almost unheeded, may be summarized in the statement that Duncan is in his grave. Even the philosophical basis, the general attitude towards life of the Elizabethans, is one of anarchism, of dissolution, of decay."

France in the middle of the nineteenth century Mr Eliot describes as belonging to "an age of bustle, programmes, platforms, scientific progress, humanitarianism, revolutions which improved nothing, an age of progressive degradation." In that last phrase, which to a liberal would seem utterly dissonant with the opening part of the description, the connection with the late Elizabethan period begins to appear. Mr Eliot goes on to claim that the mid-nineteenth century was a time in which living had lost significance. To Laforgue himself Mr Eliot refers only in scattered phrases: it is his comments on Baudelaire that should be set beside the stanzas on Webster and Donne. Like them Baudelaire was a sick soul; like them he studied his sickness; like them he brought to a generation which was more and more losing touch with the real a sincerity which recoiled from no confession. "Baudelaire," says Mr Eliot, in a sentence which is perhaps the most suggestive application of his aesthetic doctrine, "is indeed the greatest exemplar in *modern* poetry in any language, for his verse and language is the nearest thing to a complete renovation that we have experienced. But his renovation of an attitude towards life is no less radical and no less important." What this attitude was in essence appears in a

sentence in which Baudelaire states what he hated and what he missed in the life of his age: "La vraie civilisation n'est pas dans le gaz, ni dans la vapeur, ni dans les tables tournantes: elle est dans la diminution des traces du péché originel." The misconceptions of civilization are exemplified in terms which are specific to the late nineteenth century, but the true conception is one that Donne would have approved, as Mr Eliot does. In a word, Baudelaire, Donne, and Mr Eliot are in revolt against humanism: against the conviction of human excellence, against the conviction that the human mind and the human will are strong enough and powerful enough to steer a safe course. In this revolt lies the reason why each of the three lingers over the petty and loathsome aspects of the human personality. 1600 and 1870 are at one in their emphasis on the bankruptcy of humanism.

III

A conviction of the pettiness and loathsomeness of purely human life plays a very large part in Mr Eliot's poetry. Mr J. Alfred Prufrock is the first symbol of this: Prufrock with his necktie rich and modest but asserted by a simple pin, with his thin arms and legs, wondering how to make himself attractive to women and resigned to wearing the bottoms of his trousers rolled and to parting his hair behind. Prufrock appreciates the sordor—the word is a favourite of Mr Eliot's—of modern fashionable life; he appreciates the underlying absurdity of making love to the tinkle of coffee-spoons and among the porcelain of a tea-service, in a world of novels and of skirts that trail along the floor. Even so poor a creature as Prufrock has overheard the mermaids sing and even he has wit enough to be quite sure that they will not sing to him.

As Prufrock is a symbol of the nullity of fashionable life, Apeneck Sweeney is a symbol of the ugliness, emptiness, and brutality of the ordinary man. But from Sweeney as from Prufrock come phrases which disclose a despairing recognition of his plight and the plight of man. It is Sweeney who says:

> I've been born, and once is enough.
> You don't remember, but I remember,
> Once is enough.

Sweeney is the chief figure in the poem where most sharply Mr Eliot brings into contrast the grandeur of nature and of the past,

and the squalor of contemporary life. "Sweeney among the Nightingales" has a vague South American background; in the foreground is a cheap tavern, perhaps a brothel. The proprietor, two girls, Sweeney, and another man are gathered together; the drunken silliness of the moment is represented in one incident realized with beautiful clarity:

> The person in the Spanish cape
> Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees
>
> Slips and pulls the table cloth
> Overturns a coffee cup,
> Reorganised upon the floor
> She yawns and draws a stocking up.

In the tavern, around the central events, there is an atmosphere of undefined menace; robbery, perhaps murder, is in the air. Outside the tavern, nature is at her most awful:

> The circles of the stormy moon
> Slide westward toward the River Plate

and

> Gloomy Orion and the Dog
> Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas.

In the garden, close to the neighbouring convent of the Sacred Heart the nightingales are singing. The world of Sweeney and his fellow wastrels is utterly severed from the great and mysterious spaces which surround it. The nightingales' song is without any relation to what may occur in the tavern. And thus, says Mr Eliot in a final devastating stanza, it has always been, even in the heroic ages: they

> Sang within the bloody wood
> When Agamemnon cried aloud,
> And let their liquid siftings fall
> To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

That is the only relation between the world of the nightingales and the world of men, whether Agamemnons or Apeneck Sweeneys. This great stanza not only generalizes the statement about Sweeney with extraordinary intensity; by the implied simple picture of the hero murdered for grave cause by an outraged wife, it strengthens our perception of the squalid insignificance of the events in prospect in the tavern. It is one thing to perish like Agamemnon and quite another to be stabbed or poisoned by a drunken cocotte. As Professor Douglas Bush remarks: "We feel a shock not merely of

contrast but of elevation when we turn from the scheming of these idle wastrels to the death of the conqueror of Troy at the hands of a superhuman murderess." Prufrock and Sweeney are but examples of Mr Eliot's gallery of modern people living on the crust of things and deriving what substantiality they have only from their rough imperfect awareness that they are imperfect beings.

IV

Such poems as those about Sweeney and Prufrock lead on naturally to the two panoramic pictures of the contemporary world: "The Hollow Men" and *The Waste Land*. In these and in the only slightly less philosophic "Gerontion," the symbol of contemporary life is aridity. The use of this symbol, and indeed all that Mr Eliot has to say about the emptiness and squalor of the contemporary world, is best seen in *The Waste Land*.

When M Paul Valéry took his seat in the French Academy the elderly historian to whom, by a strange freak, the duty of receiving him fell, began by saying, "Monsieur, vous êtes un auteur difficile!" Such an impression is the first and the strongest that one whose taste was formed by an earlier and simpler art takes from *The Waste Land* as from *Le Cimitière marin*. But wherever the difficulties of *The Waste Land* may lie, its controlling idea is easy to apprehend, and the relation of the five parts to this idea is similarly easy of understanding. The first three parts present illustrations of the meaninglessness of contemporary life, illustrations similar in substance to those already examined, but treated now with more philosophic power. In each of these parts the love of man and woman and the social forms which condition it make the principal subject; and each example conveys an impression of futility and superficiality and squalor. The fourth part, which is very brief, is an account of the strange fate of a drowned Phoenician sailor: its connection with the remainder of the poem depends upon allusions to a pack of tarot cards,[1] one of which is known as "the Phoenician sailor." The sailor lived in that element most opposed to aridity—water; and there he met death and the curious destiny

[1]Like Mr Matthiessen, whose admirable book *The Achievement of T. S. Eliot* throws light on many of the problems of Mr Eliot's work, I claim no acquaintance with the tarot pack (which has 78 cards); but his wager that Mr Eliot has no direct knowledge of the pack is too bold for me to back.

of retracing his life through all its stages, that is of rising to complete awareness. It was not such a death as the contemporary world offers—it was a death for a man who had known life in its reality, not for a hollow man such as Prufrock.

The fifth and most important part of *The Waste Land* is illuminated by a note: "In the first part of Part V three themes are employed: the journey to Emmaus, the approach to the Chapel Perilous, and the present decay of Eastern Europe." The Saviour of the world is represented as dead, the Chapel of the Holy Grail as empty, and Europe as desolate. The three convergent themes are admirably combined; a passage in which the third predominates will show the imaginative and emotional power of the poem, as well as its clarity:

> What is that sound high in the air
> Murmur of maternal lamentation
> Who are those hooded hordes swarming
> Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
> Ringed by the flat horizon only
> What is the city over the mountains
> Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
> Falling towers
> Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
> Vienna London
> Unreal.

In the elaboration of each of the three themes, the symbols employed here recur: darkness, shadow, drought.

We are not, however, left without a hope in the ruins of a wasted world. Mr Eliot takes as the final theme of the poem the counsel "*Datta, Dayadhvam, Damyata*"[2] (*give, sympathize, control*) from the Upanishads. The core of our contemporary failure must lie in our disobedience to this counsel. We *give* nothing, although it is only by

> The awful daring of a moment's surrender

that we may fully live. We have lost the power of *sympathy*, and are haunted, each of us, by a conviction of inescapable solitude,

> We think of the key, each in his prison
> Thinking of the key, each confirms his prison.

---

[2]The choice of Sanskrit words is explained, I suggest, by the strong resemblance among them in form and sound: the unity of the three injunctions is far more powerfully presented so than it could have been by the use either of English words or of words in other languages less remote than Sanskrit.

If we would only seek to *control*, we should find our destiny

> Gaily, when invited, beating obedient
> To controlling hands.

By the realization of the counsel given in the Upanishads, we shall receive "*shantih*, a term for which 'the peace which passeth all understanding' is," says Mr Eliot, "a feeble translation."[3] With this term, thrice repeated, the poem ends.

The injunctions, which obeying we may escape from the waste land of contemporary life, are not easy to define. They are inclusive and indeterminate; nor does it become easier to define them by looking at the ancient texts from which they come. Mr Eliot has remarked that he does not believe he could ever enter into the Chinese mind fully enough to find in Confucius the mainstay that Irving Babbitt professed to find in him; and he goes on to say that the Indian mind is even more fully impenetrable to the Occidental and modern intelligence. He admits that two years spent in the study of Sanskrit under Charles Rockwell Lanman left him in a "state of enlightened mystification." So it will not be by a study of the Upanishads, it will rather be by a consideration of Mr Eliot's own attitude to life, clearly disclosed in his doctrinal prose, that we shall come nearest to an understanding of what he means by these three significant terms.

It is certain that he does not mean by sympathy what a romantic prophet such as Blake meant; and it is certain that by giving he does not mean what an up-to-the-minute liberal humanitarian preacher would mean. The term control is much simpler than the other two, because what it denotes is predominantly negative. Probably Mr Eliot would not accept as an adequate definition of what he had in mind when he used the word control what humanists such as Babbitt and More understood by such expressions as the "inner check" or the "will to refrain." Nevertheless, with one important reservation, we may say that his meaning is close enough to theirs that it need not now be further explored. The reservation is that the control to which he has reference is dependent upon the giving which is the first and the crucial injunction. To control,

[3]With the strengthening of his Christian faith Mr Eliot has modified the note in which he described "the peace which passeth all understanding" as a feeble translation; he now accepts it as "our equivalent" to *shantih*. Clearly there is no ironic implication in the new phrase.

then, apart from its relation to giving, is to hold in check the expansive impulses. By sympathy Mr Eliot means, I believe, an awareness of one's place in a society, in a tradition. The sympathetic man is the opposite of the eccentric, the solipsist. "What is disastrous," Mr Eliot says in one of those comments which traverse the main current of modern thinking, "is that a writer should deliberately give rein to his individuality, that he should even cultivate his differences from others; and that his readers should cherish the author of genius not in spite of his deviations from the inherited wisdom of the race, but because of them." Modern men have lost what he calls in one of his most pregnant phrases "orthodoxy of sensibility." "The struggle of our time," he continues, "is to concentrate, not to dissipate; to renew our association with traditional wisdom; to re-establish a vital connection between the individual and the race." It is patent that the struggle of our time as here described can refer only to the struggle waged by its best spirits—I here adopt Mr Eliot's scale of values—of men such as Babbitt and More and Mr Norman Foerster, of M Benda and M Maritain, of Mr Christopher Dawson and Mr Herbert Read. To control is to concentrate; to sympathize is to relate oneself to tradition and the race.

The injunction to give is the most difficult to define. It is also the most important; for, if I understand Mr Eliot aright, the power to sympathize and the power to control presuppose obedience to this first injunction. By giving, by the "awful daring of a moment's surrender," he does not mean any romantic trust in impulse: he means something supra-rational—the surrender of the self to God. The last cry in the *Ash Wednesday* sequence is:

> Blessèd sister, holy mother, spirit of the fountain, spirit of the garden,
> Suffer us not to mock ourselves with falsehood
> Teach us to care and not to care
> Teach us to sit still
> Even among these rocks,
> Our peace in His will
> And even among these rocks
> Sister, mother
> And spirit of the river, spirit of the sea,
> Suffer me not to be separated
>
> And let my cry come unto Thee.

Here rather than in any passage of Mr Eliot's prose the meaning of the injunction to give is mirrored: it is a meaning which tran-

scends what words of abstract formulation can express. Throughout this whole sequence he lays heavy stress upon the renovation of attitude which follows upon the giving of the self to God. In the slight transposition of a celebrated line from the Divine Comedy—"Our peace in His will"—, in the plea not to be *separated*, in the austere intensity of the last line in the passage quoted, the meaning is conveyed, in the only fashion and in the degree, in which such meanings can be conveyed. In the tranquillity and fixity of spirit here adumbrated, one can be certain that he will not turn again to the waste land, where Prufrock self-reproachfully shuffles from drawing-room to drawing-room and Sweeney sleeps uneasily in "one-night cheap hotels."

V

And Mr Eliot's enemies? It is time to hear those among them who are intellectually respectable. There is no need to consider foolish charges such as that which dismisses *The Waste Land* as a mere leg-pull and its author as a minor poet bent on shocking a generation into noticing him. Some of the enemies cannot be so rapidly dismissed.

There are many readers of Mr Eliot's work who are disturbed by the sharp contrast between his doctrine (implicit in many of the poems and stated in a forthright way in his critical prose) and his manner of writing poetry. How comes it, they inquire, that one whose loyalties are conservative, classical, and Church of England, should write verse which insists on his contemporaneity with jazz, surrealism, and the eclecticism of a doubt-ridden age? Paul Elmer More, a friendly enemy, but an enemy nevertheless, of Mr Eliot's poetry, asked this question. Mr Eliot has answered it with disarming candour: "I should say that in one's prose reflexions one may be legitimately occupied with ideals, whereas in the writing of verse one can only deal with actuality." Unless a man were one of the half-dozen supreme poets of the world in writing verse he would be unable to escape from the sensibility of his age and the idiom appropriate to it, and still retain his integrity. He "could only be 'classical' by being pseudo-classical, by being unfaithful and dishonest to [his] experience. At the moment when one writes, one is what one is, and the damage of a lifetime, and of having been born into an unsettled society, cannot be repaired at the moment of composition." In freely conceding the imperfection of his

poetry, while stamping that imperfection as inevitable, Mr Eliot may well seem to have silenced the objection.

Another charge has been made by a great poet. Mr Robinson Jeffers admits that the poetic method of Mr Eliot has merit, but he suggests that any tradition built upon it will be narrow and will inevitably exhaust the possibilities of development within it very soon. He describes it as an attempt to "do like the Chinese with their heavy past; eliminate one's own words from the poem, use quotations from books as the elder poets used imagery from life and nature, make something new by putting together a mosaic of the old." His comment on the mosaicist method—or on marquetry as Miss Elizabeth Atkins happily has called it—is that "one or two noble things might be done that way, but not more, for the trick would pall on Western ears." The answer to this charge, even when it is pressed by a poet of such power as Mr Jeffers, is a very simple one: "How can he possibly know?" The fertility of a poetic method cannot be estimated in advance; only after it has run its course, can one chart that course. Mr Eliot's method is still a dynamic influence, as it has been for twenty years; and there is no sign that its pressure upon the consciousness of younger writers is weakening.

A large group of enemies makes a charge, the last that will be examined here,[4] and one more fundamental than those which have been considered. It was bitterly phrased by Miss Amy Lowell in a conversation with Mr Burton Rascoe. "I hear, Mr Rascoe," she said, "that you think *The Waste Land* is a great poem. I think it is a piece of tripe. I know Tom Eliot—he was brought up around here, distantly related to the Harvard Eliots. But Tom is an intellectual and an intellectual cannot write a poem, which is a matter of heart and emotion." If by an intellectual Miss Lowell meant a person in whom concentration on the pursuits of the brain had stifled the heart and chilled the senses, the conclusion that he could not write a poem would be sound. Many of his enemies conceive of Mr Eliot as just such a person; and the appeal at this point must be to his poetry itself.

[4]The Marxist attack on Mr Eliot, as stated, for example, in Mr Granville Hicks's *The Great Tradition* and Mr Strachey's *The Coming Struggle for Power*, will not be examined here. It has to do not so much with the individuating innovations of his technique and sensibility as with factors common to all the best writing of our time—to Proust and Mann, Lawrence and Yeats.

If he were an intellectual in the way that has been defined, he would be incapable of precise memorable imagery, of appropriate and exciting rhythm, of emotional overtones in his intellectual statements in verse. He is capable of all three. The expression of his disgust with the contemporary world has come to us through a sustained image of aridity and waste: he thinks in images. And these images have at times a precision which it is not too much to call memorable,[5] as, for example, when he says that we of to-day:

> Are quiet and meaningless
> As wind in dry grass
> Or rats' feet over broken glass
> In our dry cellar.

Place beside that image the last movement from Prufrock; where he speaks of the mermaids:

> I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
> Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
> When the wind blows the water white and black.
>
> We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
> By sea-girls wreathed with sea-weed red and brown
> Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

Music as suave as this is not common in Mr Eliot's verse; but like Browning he has it at his command. In quite other tones his music has rhythms which are as exciting—more exciting to a sensibility attuned to his characteristic temper. Finally, when Mr Eliot makes a fundamental intellectual statement he avoids being flat or cold: the statement is touched with intense feeling. In expressing his resignation and determination after giving the self to God, he says:

> And I pray that I may forget
> These matters that with myself I too much discuss
> Too much explain
> Because I do not hope to turn again
> Let these words answer
> For what is done, not to be done again
> May the judgement not be too heavy upon us
>
> Because these wings are no longer wings to fly
> But merely vans to beat the air
> The air which is now thoroughly small and dry

[5] Anyone whose mind is well-stored with Mr Eliot's images, if he reads widely in recent fiction, will be startled by the frequency with which these recur. The novels of Mr Graham Greene, to name but one writer, abound in them.

Smaller and dryer than the will
Teach us to care and not to care
Teach us to sit still.

Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death
Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

This is not the language of a person lost in abstractions: it is the language of a person with an eminent power to clothe abstractions in all the rich precisions of original and suggestive imagery, to utter abstractions with the deepest intensities of feeling.

The truth is not that Mr Eliot's poetry is narrower in range than, let us say, Musset's, but that it is broader. He remarks that the "essential advantage for a poet is not to have a beautiful world with which to deal: it is to be able to see beneath both beauty and ugliness; to see the boredom, the horror and the glory." The boredom, the horror, and the glory he himself does see; and he sees them in their disturbing juxtapositions and involutions, whereas since the time of Donne, poets who have seen them at all have tended to see them in their isolation, in their unreal purity. Romantic spirits, he complains, "sometimes tell us to look into our hearts and write. But that is not looking deep enough; Racine or Donne looked into a good deal more than the heart. One must look into the cerebral cortex, the nervous system, and the digestive tracts." It is Mr Eliot's inclusiveness, not his narrowness, that a critic such as Miss Lowell—mad for beauty—really abhors.

VI

Mr Edmund Wilson has drawn a picture of the laughable effects which followed upon the vogue of *The Waste Land*. Young men cultivated an elegant despair, took to *The Golden Bough*, treatises on split personality, and the metaphysical poets; they sought to be aged and disillusioned when in reality they were, and continued to be, brash and gullible. But there is another picture and Mr Wilson has implied it at least. At the time when *The Waste Land* appeared, it was as usual as it is now for professors and reviewers to deplore, or attack, the reception which met *Lyrical Ballads* a century and a quarter before. When the professors left their class-rooms, and the reviewers turned to the new books, it was to snarl or chuckle over *The Waste Land* as the newest monstrosity. Nothing so feeds one's despair of a literary education as the incapacity of so many

who have studied the process of literature to understand, even to take the first effective steps towards understanding, the literature in the making around them. Arrogance, want of plasticity, want of imaginative sympathy, abound to-day as much as when Sainte-Beuve set out to remove them by a great and seemingly irresistible example. Few critics were able to rise to the fine humility of Mr Garrod who, in the days when *The Waste Land* was a new phenomenon, remarked: "To critics who could not fairly be called either uninstructed or incompetent it [the new poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge] seemed to be hardly poetry at all. When I read the *Lyrical Ballads* and, with them the contemporary criticism which they provoked, I take order with myself, and I feel the need of humility. One hundred and thirty years ago, what should I have said of them? On which side should I have been? Should I have known good from bad? Do I know good from bad now, in the new poetry all about me, a poetry new and numerous beyond all precedent?" Not until elder critics can instinctively adopt the attitude here taken by Mr Garrod is there any hope that a major re-orientation in literature will be at once appreciated for what it is. It is not necessary that a great poem should immediately be acclaimed or even given sympathetic interpretation; its interpreters will come. But it is a pity that the development of a more systematic study of literature should have left critics no wiser than Jeffrey or Lockhart or Gifford, when tested by an innovating contemporary. It is a pity to be learned in vain.

THE DIALECTICAL HUMANISM OF THOMAS MANN

A. F. B. Clark

But nature is not spirit; in fact this antithesis is, I should say, the greatest of all antitheses.

Effortless nature—that is crude. Effortless spirit is without root or substance. A lofty encounter of nature and spirit as they mutually yearn towards each other, that is man.

Thomas Mann (in *Goethe and Tolstoy*).

THE situation in which Thomas Mann finds himself to-day is almost unbelievably symbolical of his whole career, temperament, and achievement. The man who was proclaimed in his youth the poet of decadence and who confessed his own "sympathy with disease and death," has in the evening of his life become an activist and is prophesying on public platforms "the coming triumph of democracy;" the author of the *Reflections of a Non-Political Man*, for whom his embattled Fatherland appeared as the champion of a personal, spiritual culture against the hostile, socialized civilization of the *Entente*, is now attributing the enslavement of his people to their fatal indifference to political questions; the one-time creator of the Buddenbrooks, the family which declined in proportion as it became intellectualized and ceased "to think with its blood" (in Hitlerian phrase), is now disengaging from the Biblical block of marble a Joseph who represents a synthesis of spirit and nature. But to anyone who knows his Thomas Mann all this implies no violent conversion. Pope's "Sporus" was described as being "himself one vile antithesis." If we substitute "endless" for "vile," the phrase sums up Thomas Mann perfectly. He is, perhaps, the most "dialectical" in temperament of all imaginative writers—and, as such, perfectly representative of the nation that produced Hegel. This applies to his art as well as to his thought. Were there ever novels so naturalistic in their methods of description, characterization, and dialogue, yet lit with such an underglow of symbolism and poetic suggestion? Was an author ever so emotionally absorbed in his characters, yet so ironically detached from them? Was subject-matter ever so morbid and repulsive, yet treatment and atmosphere so instinctively refined and humane? Was intellectual weightiness ever relieved

by such all-pervading humour and wit? Did novels ever so combine timeliness with timelessness?

The importance of Thomas Mann has dawned but slowly on the non-Germanic world. Not till 1916 was any work of his translated into English, when *Royal Highness* appeared in London; then in 1923 a nation of dog-fanciers was made acquainted with his minor work, *Master and Dog*. Only in 1924—almost a quarter of a century after its publication in Germany—did *Buddenbrooks* appear in the first of Mrs Lowe-Porter's superb series of translations. Even yet, not all of Mann's miscellaneous writings are available to English readers, and one cannot avoid the feeling that it is the distinguished German *émigré* and anti-Nazi propagandist who looms in the public eye rather than the author of *The Magic Mountain* and *Joseph and His Brethren*. Most competent critics are now agreed, however, that in Thomas Mann we have the greatest literary artist of our time; certainly since the deaths of Hardy and Conrad, France and Proust, it would be difficult to set up any rival to him in the Western world, merely as a master of language and of the art of fiction. This aspect of him I have no desire to neglect, but I am even more concerned to call attention to his ideology, for this is both a stumbling-block to his foreign readers, less accustomed than Germans to associate metaphysics with fiction, and yet an integral part of the texture of the fiction itself, not—as in the case of most intellectual novelists—a mere superimposed commentary. Moreover, I believe that the evolution of Mann's thought is most interesting and significant to study in connection with a movement that created quite a stir in America some years ago and which should not be assumed to have lost all its impetus yet—the New Humanism. It will be recalled that the New Humanists were leading a crusade against "naturalism," the worship of nature or instinct, in the name of "the higher will," "the inner check," "the intuition above the reason," and other slogans. Now what is this but the tension between "nature" and "spirit" (or "mind")[1] that animates all Thomas Mann's life and work? But whereas the Humanists were fanatical propagandists and one-sided advocates (most of them were probably by nature—if the Hibernianism may be permitted—anti-naturalists), Thomas Mann is an example, if ever there was one, of "the civil war within

[1] *Geist* in German. "Spirit" is a widely accepted translation of this; though I prefer "mind" myself, as it seems to me less ambiguous.

the soul" with the contestants almost equally balanced. His works are one long debate between Mann the humanist and Mann the naturalist. It follows from this that Mann's exploration of the terms themselves is much more thorough than that of the American Humanists. Yet the conclusion to which he seems to be slowly coming after a life devoted to the most conscientious and patient weighing of contraries, may not be very different from theirs and will serve as a powerful confirmation of it. Thomas Mann may turn out to be, not only the greatest literary artist, but the greatest humanist of our time.

II

How did Thomas Mann's interest in the "nature-spirit" antithesis arise?[2] He has himself supplied us with abundant material for answering this question, not only in the autobiographical passages in his novels, but in his numerous critical articles. His very parents represented the two terms of the antithesis—his father, the normal, conservative, Philistine merchant was "nature;" his exotic mother with her love of music and her Bohemian ways was "spirit." The austere, simple city of his boyhood, Lübeck, was "nature;" the city of his adoption, the "arty" Munich of the nineties, was "spirit." He found himself, as he grew up, torn between two worlds, the world of "nature," which he equated with the *bourgeoisie*, the simple, unsophisticated middle-class, and the world of "spirit," which he equated with the artistic or Bohemian set; or, to quote the famous passage from *Tonio Kröger*: "The mixture was no doubt extraordinary and bore with it extraordinary dangers. The issue of it—a *bourgeois* who strayed into art, a Bohemian who feels nostalgic yearning for respectability, an artist with a bad conscience. For surely it is my *bourgeois* conscience that makes me see in the artist life, in all irregularity and all genius, something profoundly suspect, profoundly disreputable; that fills me with this lovelorn *faiblesse* for the simple and good, the comfortably normal, the average unendowed human being." There we have, in its ironic pointedness, the early form of the Mannian "nature-spirit" equation; and, if it seems to us extravagant and perverse to confine "nature" to the stolid *bourgeois* and "spirit" to the intellectual smart set, let us note first that it is all

[2]Of course, it has been deeply embedded in German thought ever since Schiller's *Uber naive und sentimentalische Dichtung*.

to the credit of Mann's severe self-discipline that in his first desperate desire not to fall forwards in the direction in which he inclined, he should lean too far backwards and exaggerate the dangers of intellect and art; and then let us consider the period in which he began to write.

This was the age known to English aesthetic history as the "naughty nineties" or the "mauve decade"—an age of baroque decadence and irresponsible individualism. We have only to recall the names of Oscar Wilde and Gabriele d'Annunzio with their perversities and highly perfumed exoticism. More significant still, it was the period when Maurice Barrès and André Gide were pursuing the *culte du moi* and when the former was about to turn in revulsion from this form of "spirit" to the "nature" of the *culte de la terre et des morts*. All over Europe adventurous young minds had leaned so far over the abyss that in terror they were drawing back before vertigo dragged them down. It may be that the curious mixture of decadence and ardent nationalism in Barrès and d'Annunzio corresponds in some way to the tension between spirit and nature in Mann. At all events, it must be emphasized that it is on that now vanished background that the early Mann must be projected, if we are to understand him.

The purely intellectual factors in Mann's early development are both cosmopolitan and native. To the former belong the great Russians and Scandinavians and the French realists (particularly Flaubert, whose very voice seems to speak out of Mann's ironic definition of the writer as "a man to whom writing comes hard"). His art as a naturalistic miniaturist he no doubt learned from the latter, and also something of his ironic portraiture of the *bourgeois*; but there is behind this irony in Mann a profound human sympathy and a lyric quality utterly lacking in Flaubert. It is rather the influence of Dostoievsky that appears in the very earliest short stories of the pre-*Buddenbrooks* period; in form they are terse, pointed little *contes* like Maupassant's, but in content and spirit they are tales of "the injured and insulted" in the unequal contest between sensitive spirit and brutal nature or life. However, cosmopolitan as Mann's culture was already at this early period, it was even more profoundly national, and his first great work was to reveal the truly German writer who might have learned some foreign tricks of art but whose content and inner form were of native inspiration. Above all, the imprint of the three great

Germans whom he had chosen as his special masters was on every page of this work—the imprint of Schopenhauer, Wagner, and Nietzsche.

The essence of Schopenhauer's pessimistic philosophy was an almost Buddhistic sense of the futility of the strivings of the human will; only two avenues of escape were open to man from the misery resulting therefrom; one was to objectify these strivings in works of art (best of all in music which seemed to embody mysteriously the movement of the Will itself); the other was to let the Will still itself in Nirvana or death. This idea is the key to Mann's equating of the art-instinct with the "sympathy for disease and death," of which he makes so much in later works; but in *Buddenbrooks* the stress is almost wholly on the latter. Mann found Schopenhauer the very food his spirit craved. He tells us himself: "I have in me much that is Buddhist, much heavy and sluggish yearning for that form or non-form of consummation, which is called Nirvana or nothingness." (This Buddhistic tendency is another link between Mann and some, at least, of the New Humanists.[3]) Mann absorbed his Schopenhauer both directly at the source (his discovery of *The World as Will and Representation* was an event in his life) and through Wagner, whose indebtedness to Schopenhauer is well known, and reveals itself particularly in *Tristan and Isolde*, with its "night," "yearning for death," and "love-death" motifs. But a comparative study of the death-theme in literature reveals its wide European extension; it appears in Poe, Novalis, Baudelaire, Leopardi, among others. It is one of the *leit-motifs* of Romanticism, and merely attains its latest and most richly orchestrated form in Thomas Mann.[4]

Wagner served, not only as a transmitter of Schopenhauerian pessimism, but as a main objective in himself. In that eloquent tribute, *The Sufferings and Greatness of Richard Wagner* (1933), Mann has told us all that the great musician meant to him in his youth. Mann has always been a passionate lover of music, and music plays a greater role in his works than, perhaps, in those of

[3]It plays a considerable role (in the very intellectual form of the love of "non-being") in Paul Valéry's poems.

[4]Some consider this all-dissolving anarchism still the deepest instinct in Mann, the sub-stratum of his being, and regard Naphta, the mystical nihilist of *The Magic Mountain*, as the truest portrait of himself. This, in view of the emerging lineaments of Joseph in his "work in progress," I cannot allow.

any other novelist. No doubt Wagner particularly attracted him because he felt in Wagner the same dichotomy that he perceived in himself. Nietzsche had already pointed out in a famous passage of *Beyond Good and Evil* that Wagner's music sums up the German soul in its completeness, both its tendency to romantic disintegration and its stolid Philistine vitalism; but it was no doubt "the sympathy with disease and death" of *Parsifal* and *Tristan and Isolde* that fascinated the youthful Mann rather than the sturdy healthiness of *The Mastersingers* or the heroic strength of the *Siegfried* music. For this reason he comes to equate music, too, with the ideas of disease and death; when Hans Castorp in *The Magic Mountain* sees the skeleton of his own hand in the X-ray laboratory and "for the first time in his life understood that he would die . . . at the thought there came over his face the expression it usually wore when he listened to music: a little dull, sleepy and pious, his mouth half open, his head inclined toward the shoulder."

The pessimism of Thomas Mann, the "sympathy with death," which comes from Schopenhauer and Wagner, must not be confused with the theme of "decadence," so prominent in his early work and culminating in *Buddenbrooks*. Schopenhauer's pessimism is an expression of the universal destiny of man, now and in all ages; whereas decadence, by definition, implies a state of health from which one can decline. Here we come to the third great German master of Mann, Nietzsche. Mann's relation to Nietzsche is not as simple as his relation to Schopenhauer and Wagner. The non-Germanic world thinks of Nietzsche generally as the prophet of the Superman, the advance-agent of "the blond beast." This affirmative, aggressive side of Nietzsche affects Mann, the ironic artist, almost not at all. It is the other side of the shield that interests him—Nietzsche, the analyst of *bourgeois* decadence, the forerunner of Spengler. To Nietzsche, the root of *bourgeois* decay lies not in a falling-off in virtue, but in a relaxing of the vital forces. It is from Nietzsche that Mann gets the positive conception of "life" or "nature" and the negative conception of "spirit" or "mind" which runs through all his earlier work. It is from him, too, that the tragic aspect of his works gets its peculiar colouring; in Mann tragedy consists not in the yielding to sin, but in connivance with an ebbing vitality.

III

These are the necessary prolegomena to a study of Thomas Mann. Let us now examine his principal pieces of fiction, both as works of art and as carriers of his dialectical humanism.

The short stories referred to above were the overture to *Buddenbrooks* (1901), perhaps the most extraordinary example of literary precocity on record. That a young man of twenty-five should produce a novel so steeped in the odour of mortality is not the astonishing thing; what takes our breath away is the maturity of the literary art and, above all, the power of seeing his characters both from the inside and the outside, of portraying them both sympathetically and ironically—a feat that seems beyond the reach of even the most brilliant youth. Take the figure of Tony Buddenbrooks, surely one of the summits of modern character-drawing. What reader can ever forget that conscientious and courageous, yet somewhat naïve and fatuous girl, whose very power of rising serene from the blows of fate comes largely from her lack of "spirit" or "mind"? "She was not consumed by the inexpressible. No sorrow weighed her down, or strove to speak but could not. And thus it was that her past left no mark upon her. She knew that she had led a troubled life—she knew it, that is, but at bottom she never believed it herself." Only Thomas Mann could, with one sentence like that, dash his heroine's hope of becoming a modern Antigone, a tragic victim of family piety—and at the same time alienate forever the sentimental reader.

Buddenbrooks is both the first real naturalistic novel in German (as Mann claims) and the first German novel of that peculiarly national type known as the evolutionary novel or *Bildungsroman*,[5] to make a universal appeal outside Germany. It is indeed a rather special variety of the latter type, an inverted *Bildungsroman*, a story of evolution not upward but downward, an epic of degeneration. At first sight it seems quite similar to many a French or English novel of the realistic school. It is a family chronicle representing four generations of the Buddenbrooks, patrician-merchants of Lübeck, from the beginning to the close of the nineteenth century. The material and social background is in-

[5]That genus of novel, of which *Wilhelm Meister* is the prototype, in which the main theme is the formative spiritual evolution of the leading character, his gradual discovery of the meaning of the universe, and of his relation thereto.

ventoried with Zolaesque attention to detail. So far it closely resembles a work like Galsworthy's *The Forsyte Saga*. But look closer, and you soon discover that Mann is aiming at something much more subtle than a period-novel. *Buddenbrooks*, in its essence, is the story of a family-destiny working itself out, an evil destiny, the destiny of decadence. And note further that it is not primarily a physical or even a moral decadence; there is no bad heredity in the family, as in Ibsen's *Ghosts*, nor has any Buddenbrooks committed even the most venial of crimes; it can only be described as a vitalistic decadence. By a sort of unconscious cultural development, characteristic of the nineteenth century, each successive head of the Buddenbrooks family is a more intellectualized, sophisticated, complicated being than his predecessor; he trusts less to instinct, to intuition, to "nature," to tradition, in the conduct of his life and his business, and thereby loses more and more his grip on reality, to which man is guided (this is Thomas Mann's thesis), not by that by-product of nature, the intellect, but by nature herself.[6] The more self-conscious and critical he becomes, the less wisely does he act:

> The native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

As a work of art and as an embodiment in fiction of the Nietzschian theory of *bourgeois* decadence, *Buddenbrooks* is certainly deserving of the highest praise. In the building up of Mann's "dialectical humanism," on the other hand, the novel represents only a tentative first stage. The "nature-spirit" antithesis forms the framework of the novel; but the actual representatives of both "nature" and "spirit" are of a kind from which no convincing philosophical arguments could be drawn. One might almost conclude from a consideration of his characters that at the date of its composition Mann had really no very high opinion of either "nature" or "spirit." For "spirit"—represented primarily by Christian Buddenbrooks and Hanno—appears either as wholly futile or passively sensitive (at all events without creative power), while "nature" is represented only by vulgar "go-getters" like the Hagenströms or by the bravely resilient but most unsuccessful and muddle-headed Tony; as for Thomas Buddenbrooks, who tries to

[6]The connection between Mann's early "vitalism" and the philosophy of Henri Bergson is so obvious as to require no pointing out.

reconcile "nature" and "spirit," his shipwreck is complete. The pessimism of *Buddenbrooks* is too all-pervading to leave any opening for humanistic hopes.

Tristan (1903), the first of what are called the *Künstler-novellen* (studies of artist-types), is a brisk, dramatic *conte* in the French rather than the German manner, worthy of the pen of Maupassant. It is the most pungent (almost cruel) expression of the Art-Nature antithesis that Mann ever achieved. The closing scene in which Herr Spinell, the aesthete—who has been making Platonic "night-and-death" love in the "Tristan" manner to the consumptive wife of Herr Klöterjahn (the latter the type of coarse, common-place humanity), but who is merely unnerved, not heart-broken, like her husband, by the news of her impending death—is completely routed by his unexpected encounter with Life itself in the guise of the healthy, bouncing baby of the dying woman, is one of the neatest "curtains" in the history of the short story and a masterpiece of bitter humour and devastating irony. As a contribution to humanism, however, the story is no advance over *Buddenbrooks*. Who can take the fatuous Spinell, who is staying in the sanitarium not because he is consumptive but because it is decorated in the Empire style ("Now there are times when I simply can't live without Empire"), and whose novel is printed in such a way that "each letter looked like a Gothic cathedral," as a serious representative of "spirit"? He recalls too vividly the Gilbertian magnet which yearned for "a silver churn" not to suggest a deliberate satire on the "mauve decade" from which the world was just emerging. And what champion of "nature" will welcome the unprepossessing Herr Klöterjahn as its representative? If *Buddenbrooks* reveals Mann in a mood of unrelieved pessimism, *Tristan* seems to have been written in an access of savage cynicism.

The clouds lift with *Tonio Kröger* (1903) to reveal the true humanism (in every sense of the word) of Thomas Mann. No wonder that this charming *Novelle* has remained the most universally beloved of all the author's works. If *Tristan* suggests an exercise in the French manner, Tonio Kröger is thoroughly German in its confessional warmth, its patient balancing of opposites, and the lyric beauty of its style. It is, of course, the most frankly autobiographical of all Mann's works; he has dowered Tonio Kröger with his own intellect and heart, with his own excruciating dilemma. The opening chapters describe Tonio's boyhood in Lübeck with his

perfectly normal friend Hans Hansen and the girl he (Tonio) loves, Ingeborg Holm, who, being a child of nature, cannot understand Tonio, the child of art (though he can understand her). The middle section deals with his life in Bohemian circles in Munich, and consists, not of narrative, but of a long discussion of the problems of the artist. Later Tonio, now a mature man and celebrated writer, revisits his northern home, and at a Danish seaside-resort sees two people who are for him the reincarnation of the two friends of his boyhood, unspoiled by art. He is moved by the love he feels for them to write a letter to his Bohemian friend in Munich, which contains the most often-quoted and most central passage in all Mann's work. The lovely, limpid, musical prose is typical of the whole work. I quoted part of it above; most of the remainder follows:

> I stand between two worlds. I am at home in neither, and I suffer in consequence. You artists call me a *bourgeois*, and the *bourgeois* try to arrest me. . . . I don't know which makes me feel worse. The *bourgeois* are stupid, but you adorers of the beautiful, who call me phlegmatic and without aspirations, you ought to realize that there is a way of being an artist that goes so deep . . . that no longing seems to it sweeter and more worth knowing than longing after the bliss of the commonplace.
>
> I admire those proud, cold beings who adventure upon the paths of great and demonic beauty and despise "mankind;" but I do not envy them. For if anything is capable of making a poet out of a literary man, it is my *bourgeois* love of the human, the living and the ordinary. It is the source of all warmth, goodness and humour; I even almost think it is itself that love of which it stands written that one may speak with the tongues of men and of angels and yet having it not be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. . . .
>
> Do not chide this love, Lisaveta; it is good and fruitful. There is longing in it and a gentle envy, just a touch of contempt and a world of innocent bliss.

Not only do we meet for the first time worthy embodiments of "spirit" and "nature" in the successful and brilliant writer, Tonio Kröger, and in the idealized figures of ordinary humanity, Hans Hansen and Ingeborg Holm, but in the above passage we have clearly formulated Mann's first step towards a synthesis of the two elements in Tonio's "longing after the bliss of the commonplace." But the characteristic "touch of contempt" is enough to prevent him from ever achieving a union of "spirit" with "nature."

That curious and ambiguous work, *Fiorenza* (1906), Thomas Mann's only attempt at the dramatic form, gives several unexpected twists to the author's thought and art. The historic setting and the long semi-dramatic, semi-philosophic speeches are a

far-off adumbration of what was to be attempted on a much grander scale in *Joseph and His Brethren* nearly a generation later. The treatment of the Nature-Spirit complex is peculiar in the extreme, and seems to betray some fault in logic. Nature appears to be represented—and this is a reversion to the more than "a touch of contempt" with which she was regarded in the pre-*Tonio Kröger* writings—by the frivolous hangers-on of Lorenzo's court. Spirit, on the other hand, appears in what seems at first new and striking guises, as Lorenzo, the spirit that seeks to embody the beauty of life as it is, and as Savonarola, the spirit that is hostile to the beauty of life, the spirit "in sympathy with death," the spirit of asceticism. The new thing is that, in both these aspects, "spirit" is for the first time represented, not as merely passive and analytic, but as dynamic and activist. The weakness of the presentation seems to consist in the fact that Mann makes both of these manifestations of "spirit" mere seekers after personal power, whereby their opposition to each other loses all the profound, dramatic symbolism it might have had. The explanation of the apparent ambiguity of the author's purpose in this work probably is that he was here attempting an exercise in that side of Nietzscheism which, as we pointed out above, was least congenial to him—the doctrine of the Superman and of the Will to Power. But in the development of Mann's ideas *Fiorenza* nevertheless marks an important *étape*; "spirit" assumes a more active guise; and perhaps one might venture the suggestion that Lorenzo and Savonarola are preliminary sketches for Settembrini and Naphta respectively in *The Magic Mountain*.

With his second full-length novel, *Royal Highness* (1909), Mann at last attained, in a sense, a synthesis of "nature" and "spirit," but, in my judgment, a somewhat precarious synthesis, as the later works seem to show. No work of Mann has been more variously judged, both as art and as philosophy. On one of its characteristics everyone may agree—it stands out like a sun-lit clearing in the dark forest of its author's work. Here at least Mann has followed the slogan of his own Hans Castorp, and has "let death have no sovereignty over his thoughts." It has two other interesting features; it is the most neatly constructed of its author's longer works; and it is, previously to *The Magic Mountain*, the one that conforms best to the ideal of the *Bildungsroman*. It is the story of how Prince Klaus Heinrich, ruler of a small German

principality, strives to get into the proper human relationship with his people, and how he finally—by the aid of Imma Spoelmann, the *Dollarprinzessin* from America—succeeds in doing so and in serving his people as well as "representing" them. It is—viewed from the most superficial angle—a delightfully picturesque and humorous record of life in a small German court of the pre-War period (and, as such, of historic value now). But, though Thomas Mann may seem in this novel to have taken a holiday from his more gloomy musings, he has not, after all, departed as much as may appear from his central theme—the tension between "spirit" and "nature." For he sees the Monarch—exalted above his people, living in a rarefied atmosphere, yet in a sense having it as his very function to "represent" his people, to express their natures and aspirations on a higher plane—he sees the Monarch as occupying a position curiously like that of the Artist and suffering like him estrangement from common humanity. This analogy between Artist and Monarch is well brought out in the scene of the interview between the Prince and the poet Axel Martini, an exquisite example of Mann's humour and irony at their best. The latter has just received a prize (a silver goblet awarded by the Prince) for his poem "The Joy of Living," and it is incumbent on the Prince to receive him and congratulate him on his success. The Prince is inwardly a little dismayed, and at the same time a little exhilarated, at the thought of meeting a man capable of writing on such a dangerous, nay almost shocking, subject as the joy of living; he expects to find a Bohemian whose life is all "wine, women, and song;" but he is surprised and somewhat disappointed to learn from the poet that, though he has written a poem, "The Joy of Living," he knows as little as the Prince himself about the subject from personal experience. He too is "spirit," not "nature." For his health is so precarious that, if he indulged in any of the joys of living, he would have no energy left to write about them. He has to preserve all his strength for his poetic activities.

"Then," said the Prince, "you will probably never empty the goblet I have presented to you, Herr Martini?"

"Drink wine out of it? No, Your Royal Highness. Though it would be a beautiful gesture. But I never drink wine. And I go to bed at ten o'clock, and live most hygienically in every way. Otherwise I'd never have won the goblet."

How does the synthesis of "nature" and "spirit" come about? By the Prince's falling in love with Imma Spoelmann and marrying her, as soon as he has shown himself capable of throwing off his monarchical stiffness and of taking a practical interest in the affairs of his people as well as of "representing" them. The fairy-tale-like close, with the people in raptures over the brilliant wedding, is full of charm. But I cannot help feeling that there is something rather "external" about this synthesis—and I understand that Thomas Mann shares this feeling, though not all his admirers do. No doubt Love is capable of transforming a man; but what is there in common between this sentimental conversion and the slow, groping, intellectual *Bildung* that is the characteristic process in the great novels of Mann's post-War period?

At all events, we hear no more about the synthesis in Mann's next important work, which, on the contrary, embodies the most tragic collision of "nature" and "spirit" he ever depicted. *Death in Venice* (1912) is, along with *Buddenbrooks*, undoubtedly the most universally known work of Thomas Mann. It lacks the profound human warmth and the humour of his other stories; but it is perhaps the most consummate work of pure art—somewhat in the foreign manner of a Flaubert or an Oscar Wilde—that he has ever produced. It has a sculptural perfection of form, a *galbe*, and a fusion of story, characters, and atmosphere into a perfect unity of impression that go to make one of the most overpowering things I know in literature. Its style, too, in its lofty intellectual precision and purity, is as different from the flowing prose of *Tonio Kröger* as from the dramatic style of *Tristan*. It is fascinating to see how by these qualities of aristocratic dignity and serenity of style Thomas Mann manages to mitigate the repulsiveness of his subject-matter. For, in its essence, it is a nightmare of horror; and I know of only one other short story in modern literature (Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*) where horror is transformed so wonderfully into beauty. From the first line to the last we are bathed in an atmosphere of mysterious foreboding, sultry oppression, decadence, disease, and vice, as we watch the gradual collapse of the aging, distinguished author, Gustav Aschenbach, who, thinking to pursue his dream of pure, intellectual beauty, finds himself in fact pursuing through the cholera-infested lanes of the crumbling city of the lagoons the beautiful Polish boy for whom he has conceived a mad passion.

IV

An interval of twelve years—and what years!—separates *Death in Venice* from *The Magic Mountain* (1924). The War years were devoted to what started as a polemical book on the War and ended as a thorough thrashing-out of Mann's own intellectual presuppositions on such subjects as "nature," "spirit," "culture," "democracy," "freedom," etc. The pregnant book embodying this "coming to terms with himself," *The Reflections of an Unpolitical Man* (1918), has never, to my knowledge, been translated into English. That is regrettable, for passages like that on the *Zivilisationsliterat* (here condemned by Mann as the type of the Westernizing demagogue of political "reason" and "freedom"), for example, throw light on the guises in which "spirit" appears in the great novel and on characterizations like Settembrini and Naphta. The great critical essay, *Goethe and Tolstoy* (1923), is, however, available in English, and throws much light on the intellectual preparation for *The Magic Mountain*.

This astounding work has left many a well-intentioned reader breathless. It is the ass's bridge among its author's books. Never before has a novel been loaded with such an intellectual cargo. It is not to be recommended to people who cannot enjoy a novel until they are quite sure they understand all it means. But those who want (like the hero) to probe the meaning of Life, from the meanest of the bodily functions through the questionings of the intellect up to the sensual and emotional mysteries of love, to see in a novel *for the first time* the three aspects of Life (physical, mental, and emotional) driving abreast without one pulling ahead to the detriment of the other, will find here one of the richest pieces of imaginative writing of our time (backed up by the solidest intellectual culture ever possessed by any novelist), a great scientifico-philosophical poem in prose, which (if he had produced nothing else) would alone stamp its author as the greatest living master of literature.

The Magic Mountain, which was started by Mann before the War as a small-scale satirical sketch of life in a sanitarium and gradually became enlarged to take in the reflections provoked by his war-experience, is thus the result of twelve years' gestation. It tells how a young man, Hans Castorp, comes to visit his cousin, Joachim Ziemssen, who is undergoing treatment for tuberculosis in

Hofrat Behrens' sanitarium on the summit of the Magic Mountain. Partly because Behrens discovers in Hans, too, a slight tubercular tendency, but mainly because the young man with his inborn love of the morbid (the familiar "sympathy with death") is fascinated by the atmosphere and life of the place, he spends not a few days, as he planned, but seven years on the mountain, where he learns all there is to know about corruption and death, physical and moral, and from which he is recalled only by the thunderclap of the Great War, in whose noise and smoke he vanishes at the end from our view.

This brief outline suggests the profound symbolism of the work, the equating of life in a sanitarium with the feverish heightening of consciousness that spirit (or art) signifies. The mountain-top represents the rarefied atmosphere in which the "intellectual" has his being, far above the "low-lands" of ordinary life. The keen air, the over-abundant food, the comfortable routine, the enforced idleness, on the one hand—and, on the other, the hospital atmosphere, the omnipresence of death and decay—in short, the *danse macabre* in a hotel *de luxe*—combine to stimulate the senses and the nerves of all the inmates. It is life at fever-pitch, "life's fitful fever" raised to the n^{th} power. Mann's peculiar gift (which Henry James alone shares with him) for treating the morbid and the "questionable" (a favourite word with him) in a tone of aristocratic refinement and ironic humour reaches its greatest heights here. As for the great gallery of characters—remarkable syntheses, each one, of the individual and the symbol—here indeed is God's plenty, sufficient to set most contemporary novelists up for the term of their natural book-writing life. Particularly to be noted for their humanistic significance are, on the one hand, the two opposed intellectuals, the *frères ennemis* of "spirit," Settembrini, the Italian rationalistic liberal and Naphta, the Jesuitic nihilist, who undertake from opposite angles the philosophical education of Hans Castorp and who in their lengthy arguments traverse almost the whole intellectual field of our time, spatio-temporal metaphysics, rationalism *versus* mysticism, democracy *versus* autocracy, socialism *versus* capitalism, militarism *versus* pacificism, romanticism *versus* classicism;—and on the other, Mynheer Peeperkorn, perhaps Mann's grandest imaginative creation, the old Dutchman who, by sheer "personality" and in spite of incoherency of utterance, draws the attention of everybody

away from the eloquence and wit of the two "intellectuals" the moment he enters a room and whose only philosophy is "to do homage to Life."

Perhaps the most unique impression that one takes away from this extraordinary work is its singular blend of the scientific and the emotional. We see the human being as an animal organism and simultaneously as a suffering, experiencing spirit. For example, Hans Castorp reinforces the intellectual training he gets in listening to the disputes between Settembrini and Naphta by his own researches in vast tomes on anatomy, physiology, and pathology, as he lies on his balcony under the starry, wintry sky, with a thermometer in his mouth, doing his daily "rest-cure." The knowledge he there acquires of this mysterious body of ours becomes so inextricably mingled with all his thoughts and feelings that when, during the Carnival celebration, and in a state which, it is true, clouds his faculties for discrimination a little, he makes love to Clavdia Chauchat (the amoral Russian countess) in a declaration such as no mortal woman can ever have heard before or since, he caps the climax by imploring her to give him an X-ray photograph of her skeleton to put in his breast-pocket next his heart (the modern form of the *Liebestod*)!

A great controversy has raged in Germany as to whether *The Magic Mountain* is a real *Bildungsroman* or not. Obviously, if *Bildung* must terminate in a transformation of character or of *Weltanschauung*, the answer is negative. When the Great War calls Hans Castorp down to the "low-lands" again, he is pretty much the romantic with "a sympathy for death" who came up seven years before. I think the proper way to regard *The Magic Mountain* is as a novelistic counterpart to the theoretical *Reflections of a Non-Political Man*, a canvassing of all the "pros" and "cons," a marshalling of forces preliminary to a new advance from the plateau gained in *Royal Highness* to higher ground. Seen from this point of view, what a superb *Bildungsroman* it is! How incomparably more profound than in any previous work the study of the terms "nature" and "spirit"! With what sharpness all the issues of "humanism" and "naturalism" are focussed on the screen! And with what artistic mastery is plastic form given to these abstractions in such symbolic personages as Settembrini and Peeperkorn! Particularly noteworthy is the new appreciation shown for the more "activist" forms of both "spirit" and "nature."

Settembrini, the propagandist for Reason, Democracy, and Progress, is made a really attractive figure, although some kindly mockery is spent on "the hand-organ man" and Hans Castorp accuses him of thinking his "free-thinking line" has "a corner in human dignity." Naphta, on the other hand, the negating spirit, though he has been thought by some to represent the secret depths of Mann's own temperament, is a much less sympathetic figure. As for Peeperkorn, "nature," who has had to be content heretofore with often attractive but usually very retiring representatives (like the admirable Ziemssen in this same novel), finds at last an eloquent, if sometimes inarticulate, spokesman. Although that almost Gallic *malice* that is the Mannian Puck cannot resist making him appear sometimes a little ridiculous (the author sees now that even "nature" can be romanticized), no reader is left in doubt that he is intended to be an imposing figure. How magnificent is his paean to "feeling"! "Feeling, you understand, is the masculine force that rouses life. Life slumbers. It needs to be roused, to be awakened to a drunken marriage with divine feeling. For feeling, young man, is godlike. Man is godlike, in that he feels. He is the feeling of God. God created him in order to feel through him. Man is nothing but the organ through which God consummates his marriage with roused and intoxicated life. If man fails in feeling, it is blasphemy; it is the surrender of His masculinity, a cosmic catastrophe, an irreconcilable horror."

V

And so to Mann's "work in progress," *Joseph and His Brethren*[7] (1933-). Its already enormous size and the fact that it is nevertheless incomplete at the present moment render impossible a treatment of it here proportionate to that accorded to Mann's other works. Though each successive volume has a narrative unity of its own, yet "the story of Joseph" will not be complete till the last instalment appears; and as for the philosophical significance of the work (which concerns us most) it becomes increasingly evident that the full secret of that, too, will not be disclosed before the termination of the work. Any attempt at a final judgment on the artistic or philosophic value of the great

[7] *The Stories of Jacob*, 1933; *The Young Joseph*, 1934; *Joseph in Egypt*, 1936.

enterprise would, therefore, be premature. Yet the work is sufficiently advanced to permit a provisional estimate.

At first sight the new work seems to be an entirely fresh departure for its author, having no relation to his previous naturalistic and pessimistic fiction. Yet we have not gone far before we recognize that it is but the last stage in an evolution towards symbolism that had been going on quite steadily. *The Magic Mountain* had really marked a great advance in this direction, but its strong realistic and contemporary aspect had partly concealed the fact. Yet, if the reader will recall the obsession of Mann with "time" and its phenomena in *The Magic Mountain*, he will perceive the link that joins that work with its successor. Above all, there are very significant passages in the earlier work on the "circularity of time," the phenomenon of "recurrence" (viz., Hans Castorp's borrowing of a pencil from Pribislav Hippe and later from Clavdia Chauchat), that point straight towards the Joseph story. For what else does the study of "the psychology of the myth" (by which phrase Mann has defined his purpose in the Joseph story) involve than the realization on a man's part (in this case, on Joseph's part) of the significance of those experiences of his that seem to be a "recurrence" of previous experiences of his own or of his ancestors and which, therefore, have a "symbolic" value for him and perhaps for all humanity?

Much discussion of the Joseph story lays great stress on its applicability to contemporary history, to its almost allegorical and even propagandist significance. This sort of thing may be overdone: I think Thomas Mann is too great an artist to be an allegorist, though he is undoubtedly a symbolist. Yet these two facts, first, that the very theme of the work is "recurrence," and secondly, that Mann began writing it when the Nazi doctrine (as also, of course, the other European revolutionary doctrines) of "a new world," "the new Fascist era," etc., were already rife, may indeed justify us in seeing in the novel an attempt to react against the idea that the world ever makes literally a fresh start, to claim that, on the contrary, the way to a better future is pointed by a reference to the past. That "recurrence" does not, however, mean literal repetition, but that the history of man is to be thought of as a spiral ascent, partly circular, partly upward, is, of course, an equally stressed idea in the work.

But another link between *The Magic Mountain* and *Joseph and His Brethren* is to be found in the more liberal attitude towards "spirit" that was shown in the previous work. The negating aspect of "spirit" was, as we have seen, embodied in a brilliant but unsympathetic character (Naphta), whereas the affirmative and forward-looking aspect of it (which Mann had previously associated rather contemptuously with the *Zivilisationsliterat*) took the charmingly humane even if slightly pedantic form of Settembrini. As for the "hero," he resembled his prototypes in Mann by inclining towards the dark gods, towards "a sympathy with death;" yet he differed from them in making at least a serious intellectual effort to escape towards the light. Now what strikes every reader of Mann's previous works who opens *Joseph and His Brethren* is that here at last we have a hero who is decidedly "spirit," yet—as Mr Slochower[8] says plumply—"is not sick," physically or morally. On the other hand, it must be stressed that, though he is not "sick," Joseph shares with his artist-predecessors a sneaking interest in the "questionable." When we first meet him, he is engaged in highly doubtful flirtation with the moon-goddess and other materialistic divinities who represented a stage of theology that Jacob, Isaac, and Abraham had long outlived. Nor does he share his father's utter horror of the land of Egypt, "the monkey land." His "spirit" is not the dry, clear Latin "reason" of a Settembrini; Joseph is a dreamer and, like a modern Freudian, he believes that the "unconscious" may be used as a guide to a higher, not a lower life. Moreover, he is not averse to playing with moral fire, which brings him within an ace of succumbing to Potiphar's wife (who may symbolize the forces of death and reaction). Finally, he is by nature an egotist, proud of his intellectual superiority and convinced "that everybody loved him more than they loved themselves," which results in his flaunting his coat of many colours (symbolizing this superiority) before his brethren and being thrown into the well.

But from each discomfiture Joseph rises, not only triumphant, or rather not triumphant at all in a vulgar sense, but a wiser man; and wiser, because he recognizes in his experiences "recurrences" of similar events in his ancestors' lives. From his incarceration in the well (symbolizing the descent into death, whence the resur-

[8]Harry Slochower, *Thomas Mann's Joseph Story: An Interpretation*, New York, Knopf, 1938.

rection—in body or in spirit), which he recognizes as a new form of Jacob's bondage to Laban, he learns that his pride of intellect was wrong, so in his later life in Egypt he becomes humble and helpful, makes his "spirit" or "culture" serviceable to others; and it is to be assumed that the continuation of the novel after his second going-down into the pit at the close of *Joseph in Egypt* will (it is to be called *Joseph the Nourisher*) show him establishing a sort of collectivist economy in Egypt. So the cycle taken as a whole will be a great *Bildungsroman*, showing a development of "spirit" from aristocratic individualism to co-operation with common humanity ("nature").

Common humanity or "the masses" (and therefore, we must suppose, "nature") seems to be represented by Joseph's brothers, whose portrayal is one of the artistic triumphs of the novel. Now, whereas "nature" had previously been represented as sometimes attractive, sometimes not, but always as having a certain self-sufficiency, as holding the secret of successful living, and having no yearning towards "spirit" as "spirit" yearned towards her, that no longer holds true here; the brothers are pictured as a crude, brutal, but also somewhat helpless crowd, who underneath their exasperation with Joseph (largely justified by his outrageous vanity and tactlessness) have a sneaking respect and even love for him (the opposition appears particularly in the remarkable portrayal of Reuben). And Joseph, on his side, yearns for the love and appreciation of his brothers. Here, then, at last, we have the reciprocal yearning of "nature" and "spirit" towards each other. Moreover, Joseph is himself both "nature" and "spirit." He is the synthesis of all that is attractive in both Tonio Kröger and Hans Hansen; he has the intellectual brilliance of the one, and the natural human charm of the other; all he needs to do is to mature and to learn how to make the one part of him serve the other and both serve humanity.[9]

Casting a retrospective glance, then, over the long road Mann has come since *Buddenbrooks*, we see that it has been gradually converging towards, and has at last run into, the main highway of the New Humanists. Beginning with a faith in "nature" as the true guide to sound human living and a distrust of "spirit" as a

[9]The story of Joseph's relation with Potiphar's wife is a peculiarly subtle presentation of the two sides of Joseph. The two dwarfs, Gottliebchen and Dudu, according to some interpretations, symbolize the two sides in conflict.

disruptive and negative force, he has almost (though not quite) reversed his position, and now inclines to see in "nature" blind and destructive instinct which requires the shaping guidance of "spirit" if it is not to land itself and the world in ruin. And what makes the identity of Mann's latest philosophy with that of the Humanists still more unmistakable is the fact that "spirit" is obviously not mere "reason" but rather that "higher intuition" or "imagination" which sees, as by divination, in dreams, or in the "unconscious" the recurrent pattern in life's manifoldness, the One in the Many.

CANADA'S FOREIGN POLICY

MARVIN B. GELBER

THE development of a foreign policy for Canada has been occasioned by certain basic facts implicit in the structure of Canadian society. These facts are economic, social, and strategic. (1) Canadian economy has been built on the easy exploitation of vast natural resources, which in turn has provided the impetus for capital expenditures on industrialization and on competitive transportation networks. The staple commodities have been dependent on a highly fluctuating world market, and the loan expenditure for industrial development has been supplied from abroad. The burden of Canada's obligations is a rigid annual toll on the economy. The basic economic problem of the country, therefore, is to equate her variable export income with the rigidity of her capital cost structure. As a matter of policy, barring major economic upheavals, Canada's own programme of action can be of only secondary importance. (2) The next basic fact germane to Canada's foreign policy is the social complexion of our national community. Both the temper and structure of Canadian society are variations of Western European civilization. The history of this country is an aspect of the expansion of Europe overseas, and the political and social institutions which we have borrowed still look to their forbears for continued inspiration. Our society has been conceived in the image of its maker, and difficult would be the fate of both should that social equilibrium, which is the basis of their relationship, be destroyed. (3) The enviable strategic position of Canada results from the gifts both of gods and men. Geographically, Canada is remote from the present theatres of social upheaval. On the military side, she is shielded by the dominance of France and England in Western Europe, while the community of British and American interests in the Pacific gives strong assurance of safety in that region. Canadians are not vitally interested in the question of collective security because they feel that bounties both political and geographic have endowed their national existence with a comfortable margin of reassurance.

It is proposed to examine these three sets of facts in outline and see if the emergence of new dynamic forces throughout the

world is not presenting a threat to the bases of Canadian life on which our foreign policy must rest.

1. *Economic Fact*

From 1927 to 1930 Canada was the fifth trading nation in the world. During the depression years both the volume and gross value of her trade collapsed, but by 1934 and 1935 had sufficiently recovered to come back to sixth place on the basis of a depreciated currency. From 1923 to 1928 she stood second only to New Zealand in terms of *per capita* exports—a position which she regained in 1934. In the fiscal year 1929 Canada exported nearly $1,389 millions of merchandise. By 1933 the total had collapsed to less than 35 per cent of that figure.

In 1930 Canada's foreign debt, both public and private, was greater in absolute figures than that of any other country except Germany, while on a *per capita* basis she was surpassed only by New Zealand.[1] When it is remembered that Germany's foreign debt at that time was largely incurred in commercializing reparations, the boldness of our financial statesmanship stands out in more pronounced relief.

Even barring any catastrophic developments in world affairs, the dependence of Canada on world conditions for the economic security of her citizens remains. The collapse of international markets during the depression was sufficient to put more than one out of every seven Canadians on relief at one time. This condition obtained for over a year, even during the early stages of economic revival.

Canada avoided any basic readjustments because of the beneficent arrival of Mr Roosevelt at the helm of the American Republic. (i) By raising the price that the Treasury of the United States was prepared to pay for gold, he induced a mining boom in Northern Ontario, which is still continuing. In the midst of our wilderness of capital expenditure was introduced an oasis of investment that absorbed considerable quantities of men and materials. (ii) By depreciating the currency of his country and curtailing the

[1] These figures are taken from *Canada Looks Abroad*, by R. A. MacKay and E. B. Rogers, published under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs.

production of certain basic commodities, Mr Roosevelt helped to raise the price of staples and thus to increase the income of the great Canadian farm population. (iii) By spending huge sums of money for relief and public works, he increased the demand for those articles of export with which Canada helps to provide the United States. (iv) By appropriating for such measures as the soldiers' bonus, he helped maintain the tremendous flow of American funds across the Canadian border in terms of tourist trade.

These are merely a few of the benefits which the American New Deal gratuitously showered on Canada. We have been told that in time of crisis this country would have to face its basic economic problems, because we have reached the end of our frontiers. Further, that in previous depressions we turned our idle hands and capital along untrodden ways. After decades of feverish pioneering, these have now become mighty thoroughfares of national industry. But who was to guess that there were yet external frontiers to postpone the day of judgment? Mr Roosevelt is Canada's new frontier.

Despite the disproportionate emphasis on foreign economic factors in the life of our economy, there are many who have proposed a flight from international obligations. That our interest in world affairs should be commensurate with our stake in international society does not strike them as a realistic maxim. We must, they hold, exploit the circumstances of world economics as best we can, but we must not be too much concerned with the conditions or the fate of international relations.

In times of peace Canada has a vital interest in the welfare of nations. The undermining of the social security of the European peoples during the last decade has been intimately related to the day-to-day struggles of Canadians for well-being. In the event of a European war involving the major powers, the threat will be even more serious. The possibilities of raiding commercial shipping will be much greater with the development of long-range fighting planes than in the last war, when a powerful navy was bottled up for a large part of the proceedings. Not only will Canadian foreign trade be exposed, but the very dislocation of commerce will undermine those secondary industries which have led to widespread industrialization. These industries may also be crippled should the channels of trade in essential raw materials not be maintained.

2. *Socio-cultural Fact*

But the social factor, which has received least attention in the past, must now be given more careful analysis. For not only has the depression shown that the world has established an indispensable interdependence of economic activities, but in the whole vast field of living, social insecurity is contagious. And those abnormal outlooks and diseased ambitions which are the mighty harvest of insecurity, are infecting masses of people who at other times appeared oblivious of the currents astir throughout the world. Not only has fascism become an effective article of export, but the establishment of fascist colonies in other countries has become the triumphant technique of the foreign policies of the aggressor states.

A favourite pastime of the students of diplomacy is to draw analogies with pre-War Europe. But the issues confronting us at present are not of the same order of importance. To-day the national questions are secondary. The social issues are much more fateful. The receding frontier of democracy presents more than a mere political question. The rising prestige of fraud and force is a moral issue that goes to the very bases of all our lives. To paraphrase Lord Durham, the world to-day is faced by two civilizations at war in the bosom of a single society.

We have said that America is a peculiar variation of the expansion of Europe overseas. And in no respect is this more important than in the realm of culture. We have little of native creation for our own heritage. Our heritage is borrowed. And so is that of the United States. To-day we are alive to world trends and issues. We attempt to understand current movements against our own background. A good deal of the Canadian point of view is rationalization. But in the main, we are dependent on the Old World for a considerable portion of our contemporary cultural life, and for almost the whole of our cultural tradition.

The sensitivity to European trend is nowhere better exemplified than by developments in that part of Canada, which has a longer socio-cultural tradition than the rest—the community of French-speaking Canada. The rise of fascism in the Province of Quebec is not the creation of the Tony Bumpkins, nor is it the child of cynical industrialists. The seeds of reaction have been germinating in the bosom of an important group of French-Canadian intellectuals

for the better part of a decade. The source of inspiration is neither Hitler nor Mussolini. Rather it is the influence of the Rightist intellectual press in French Canada beginning to bear fruit. It is not an accident that a Toronto radical, of U.E.L. descent, who resides in Montreal, was confronted with a threat of assassination in exactly the same words that Charles Maurras uttered against the leaders of the French Republic. Brilliant intellectual though he is, Maurras went to jail for his deed. Those who incite to violence in Quebec have not been molested. *L'Action Française*, *Le Gringoire*, and other fascist newspapers are common sights on news-stalls in the towns of that province. The fate of the *Croix de Feu* was watched with avid interest by many of those who are allied with the dominant political parties in this country. If the reactionary movement can be so successful in Quebec while its mother in Europe is so completely under the shadow, what would be the effect of a Rightist coup in France on the temper of French Canada?

This situation could become even more difficult because of the notorious anti-British feeling of reactionary France, which was heightened by a policy of sanctions. (After many years of enmity, France at last had come to terms with Italy and yet she was unwillingly led along the road of sanctions by the government of Britain. The nazification of Austria and the ascendancy of Franco are the price France is paying for sanctions.) Furthermore, the accession to power of an ultra-montane party in Europe might fan the flames of secession over here.

To the Italian citizens of the Roman Empire, the crumbling of their civilization along the far-flung line of outposts must have seemed even more remote from their doorstep than fascist intransigence appears to Canada. And yet it was very real. It was so terribly real that their civilization was decimated. Possibly there is preserved somewhere, a speech, or even a letter, of some noble Roman colonial, who feeling his dominion sufficiently prosperous and secure, voiced his disdain of all those petty Roman leaders, who, themselves not blameless, set forth to battle against the barbarian hordes. Here for him was no "clear, moral issue." He had been fooled enough by senators and politicians, who were only scheming to entice him away once more from his walks and arbours to fight their battles without victory and their wars without end.

Canada cannot be indifferent to the triumph of the forces of

darkness. No democratic country can be quarantined against the insidious doctrines that are being spread by a highly efficient and well-financed propaganda machine. The strains on European civilization are tremendous. If the American isolationists who have shouted for twenty years, "To hell with Europe!" prove to be better prophets than they have been statesmen, then all our civilizations will be hard put to it to withstand the suction of a collapsing society.

Just as the threat of the onward march of the Dark Ages must have hurried their arrival by the panic which they induced in front of them, so would the triumph of obscurantism in all Europe give strength to emulative forces in North America. To-day it is Berlin, Rome, Vienna, Nanking, which are gripped by the cult of anti-culture. To-morrow it may be Prague, Budapest, Madrid. But the cult is evangelical and its mighty tentacles can cross oceans.

The cultural heritage of Canada is the heritage of France and the heritage of England. French insecurity has called forth a host of apologists for reaction. Britain has escaped that jittery epoch. A new depression will inevitably extend the frontiers of fascist activity. Canada cannot be oblivious.

3. *Strategic Fact*

The question of the strategic position of Canada has been discussed in terms of the minutiae of defence, but there has generally been a failure to realize that the game is being played in a vast arena and for large stakes. All the commentators are apparently aware of the reliance of Canada for protection on both Great Britain and the United States. They all conceive of a war in which both are involved, but fail to consider the possibility of the disappearance of either as a first-rate power.

A few months ago the writer was in a group addressed by many of the leading figures in the political life of the United States and by diplomatists of friendly countries resident in Washington. We were told by a representative of a great democratic power of three interviews which he had with General Goering. He described Goering as a man who had preserved a certain sanity on the questions of the Jews, German culture, Marxism, religion, etc. In this he must be distinguished from Hitler who is a man of various fixations. The Air-Minister has one fixation, and that he holds passionately. He is convinced that Germany did not lose the Great War on the

battlefields but that she was stabbed in the back. The destiny of the Third Reich is to avenge that defeat. But it must be on the battlefield. Our informant asked him whether he would not be content with obtaining the nazi objectives without resort to arms. Goering thought that this would not re-establish the honour of the Fatherland. What is more, he repeated on the three occasions that with ten thousand aeroplanes he could have Europe "prostrate" in two weeks.

On February 2, 1938, rumours were spread of the resignation of the German Commander-in-Chief. Two days later, Hitler announced the retirement of General von Fritsch and issued a Decree which commenced, "From now on I exercise personally the immediate command over the whole armed forces. . . ." That phrase "from now on" marks a fateful change in army policy. On March 1, Goering broadcast a speech in which he described the air force as "truly a weapon of the German people. . . . It will be—and I admit this openly—a frightful weapon if ordered into action. For we swear to the people that we will strike terror, and that nothing shall deter us from driving recklessly forward. . . ."[2] On March 12, German troops reached the Brenner Pass.

There is a peculiar alliance in Great Britain between the Right-wing Tories, who dominate British foreign policy to-day, and many Labour and Liberal peers with their pacifist followings. And it is this very pacifist paralysis which has been the great ally of German truculence. The success of a policy of bullying has kept the fascist star in the ascendant in the marginal states, such as Poland, Roumania, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, and Bulgaria. Great Britain is trying to buy peace at any price, even if that price is greater vulnerability in the war she is drifting into. The Dominions are not interested. American diplomacy is shackled by a distrust of Europe on the part of large masses of North Americans. And yet a person with considerable responsibility for the formulation of American policy told our group in Washington that in a prolonged war it was not a question of whether the United States went in or not, but just how long she could keep out after the war had started. He thought about three months at the most.

It is very doubtful how much validity there is to the defence speculations of our isolationists in a world where Goering might soon get his ten thousand aeroplanes. If Czecho-Slovakia is disposed of, and Jugo-Slavia and Roumania brought into line, there

[2] *Bulletin of International News*, March 19, 1938, p. 29.

could be no air offensive in the rear from a contiguous territory should Marshal Goering feel that he could dominate the world by wiping out London and Paris. We talk of the Monroe Doctrine and the American fleet as being bulwarks of Canadian defence, as if the very first bulwark of the Monroe Doctrine itself did not exist in European alignments to which the United States is no party. The first line of defence on the Atlantic for all the Americas is the British navy, the French army, and their combined air fleets. This mighty armada of land, sea, and air affords the luxury of American pacifism.

And if all the above considerations, of economic dislocation, cultural disintegration, and strategic vulnerability, were untrue, the prospect of living in a world from which Europe had disappeared might prove too uncomfortable to make the price of our salvation from the holocaust worth while.

4. *Conclusion*

A policy of isolation is one without hope—without a programme for building a basis of permanent peace in the midst of the prevailing strife. There is nothing more symptomatic of the disintegration of our civilization than the flight from universal ideas, even by many liberals. Our radicals have become little humanitarians. When liberalism can write off the peoples of Europe as a bad debt, then surely we have entered into that era of petty ideals which is the prelude to cynicism and reaction.

We have analysed the three basic facts which relate Canada to the community of nations. These must condition our attitude to the problems of foreign policy that arise from day to day. The questions of the details of a programme are not within the scope of this paper, though certainly the nature of the commitments we are prepared to make logically follows from our varying estimates of the forces at work. For it is in the weighing of the powers, both creative and destructive, that is found the basis of conflicting political judgments. It may be that the isolationists are right and that North American democracy can be preserved as a museum piece of the golden age of liberalism. Even in this poor hope they must admit that as political economy was for the nineteenth century the "dismal science," so politics has become for the twentieth the dismal art.

REVIEWS

A PHILOSOPHY OF "HUMANISM"*

C. W. Hendel

These are the William James Lectures for the year 1936-7 delivered at Harvard University by the Director of the Institute of Mediaeval Studies in St. Michael's College, Toronto. They are in honour of William James but they do not glorify him. On the contrary, they say everything that could be said against him as a philosopher. It is a tribute, of course, to the liberal spirit of learning that there, in the home of the pragmatism and radical empiricism associated with William James, a lecturer could be received who says that all these were old errors of philosophy and that philosophy after wandering in futility about the "wide-open Universe" must return again to reason and metaphysics.

The real subject of the work is the distinction of the true and the false kind of philosophy, as we can learn that distinction from history. Professor Gilson here draws upon a form of experience which the professed empiricists themselves have neglected: man's "experience of philosophical knowledge," an experience of which we have detailed record for 2,500 years, ever since the Early Greeks. For the history of philosophy presents us with "experiments" whence we can make profitable inductions concerning the nature of philosophy: The Medieval Experiment, the Cartesian Experiment, and the Modern Experiment. Each of these experiments exhibits certain geniuses trying to effect whole revolutions of thought through their own sheer ingenuity, and rearing a new structure of ideas on the lines of some new enthusiasm such as logic, mathematics, physics, social science, and then "working their ideas to death," and literally so, for it is the death of philosophy to end in scepticism, which proves to be the invariable result of these intellectual revolutions. But these are not the only experiments on record. Besides these brilliant systems that soar and fall, there is the true love of wisdom which rides no contemporary band-waggon, which is neither all logic, nor a glorified empirical science, nor a

*_The Unity of Philosophical Experience_, by Etienne Gilson, Scribner, 1937, $2.75.

sociology, nor a theology, nor anything else but itself, the search for true Being. Like its eternal object, this philosophy is an ever-living tradition with a unity and continuity serenely proof against all vicissitudes.

These three experiments contain admonition for the contemporary philosopher. More than once logic or some science has been made the judge of philosophy, with fateful consequences. There are the example and fate of Abelard, the enthusiast for logic; and thinking of logic, too, as a grammar—our "logical positivists" to-day should lay this to heart. Descartes is also a warning, who, immersed in the early Renaissance scepticism, had visionary ambitions to win Universal Knowledge all at one stroke by his own new method derived from mathematics; and his quest for certainty ended inevitably in the scepticism of Hume. Incidentally, Professor Gilson here makes another great contribution to Cartesian studies, particularly in his account of the relation of Descartes to Montaigne, his explanation of "clear and distinct ideas," and his statement of the insoluble problems of a philosophy which conceives the real as two absolutely exclusive substances, body and mind. The futility of such metaphysics was apparent by the time of Hume, and then behold Kant appeared, a devotee of Newtonian physics, adopting absolute space and time as irreducible intuitions of the human mind, and thinking out a philosophy which will explain only how knowledge of things in space and time is possible. He renounced a metaphysics of pure reason but made up for it by exalting the moral will which was given the eulogistic name of "practical reason." A further palliative was offered in the postulates of morality, the ideas which he who acts morally must believe though he has no reason to believe them—he must act "as if" it were true that he is free and that God exists and that the soul is immortal. Out of the "as if" doctrine comes later pragmatism and the will to believe, etc. The ill-fated career of idealism is also pursued through Hegel, and the idea of will is seen to result in a perverse glorification of war, and thence in contemporary nationalism with its violence in creed and action. Along with Kant there was paired another revolutionary, likewise possessed by a personal ambition to rise above human scepticism on the wings of a new science—Auguste Comte who wanted a dogma for man's life in society. Out of that came scientific positivism which admits of no metaphysical belief, and a foolish religion of humanity. To-day we

are at "the breakdown," living either in "scepticism or collective mental slavery" to the rule of force that threatens all the values of Western civilization, and impugns the dignity of man, his freedom, and all his spiritual activities.

The need of the day, as at all times, is a rational kind of knowledge which imparts to man a vigorous faith. Such knowledge must not contain any irrational recourse to will and moralism or to blind mysticism or theologism. It must wrestle with the problems of metaphysics without turning away from reality, without resorting to psychology, without locating "universals" "in the mind" or finding principles of thought to be merely mental habits. The "three greatest metaphysicians who ever existed, Plato, Aristotle, and Thomas Aquinas" sought "not to achieve a system of the world, as if being could be deduced from thought, but to relate reality as we know it to the permanent principles in whose light all the changing problems of science, of ethics and of art have to be solved" (p. 317).

These canonical figures to whom Professor Gilson pays this greatest of tributes are not in the forefront of the lectures. They are judges appealed to from time to time. Their wisdom is cited on this or that point, but they are not subjected to the same critical examination as Abelard, Ockham, Cusanus, Descartes, Kant, etc. We are told that "a very simple and modest man was putting everything in its place"—this was Thomas Aquinas. We should like to inspect that perfect arrangement. All things are somehow organic to each other, and this right philosophy had some relations with the other philosophies of the medieval period, and it would be well to see this philosophy made part of the experiment instead of being so much *apart* from it. It is quite possible that Thomas Aquinas may have had some responsibility for the ultimate scepticism. Dogmatists have often been the chief agents in producing scepticism.

The point of view in these lectures is of the greatest importance to contemporary life. It may, indeed, open "a new era of constructive thinking" and free us from the "historical relativism" into which we seem to have sunk. The position of Professor Gilson is analogous to that of humanism everywhere, in art, literature, and philosophy. Aristotle taught that we should not expect the same kind of certainty in moral philosophy as in mathematics or science. Lessing in his *Laokoon* warned men not to mix the *genres* in creative art but to appreciate what could or could not be done in sculpture

or painting. There have been *New Laokoons* for literature, insisting on a discrimination between good and bad and opposing romanticism and the besetting sin of wanting to be individual. In like manner Professor Gilson distinguishes true autonomous philosophy from the perversions of philosophy due to borrowings from other disciplines and methods. The tendency in such a way of thinking is to exalt tradition and depreciate revolutionary ambitions, because work so inspired is bound to lead to sheer vagary from truth or beauty or wisdom. It is characteristic of this kind of humanism—and can easily become a vice—that it does not hesitate to sort out the sheep and the goats and to populate the world vastly with the goats, leaving a precious two or three of the right sort to preserve culture. Thus even Professor Gilson frequently allows himself to say that one philosophy was "right" in this, another "wrong," and someone was to be "praised for damming the tide" of scepticism, and "the trouble with" another was . . . . This kind of judging is not the high objective criticism of philosophy. It can be even blind in its animus, as when we read that "Kant busied himself with questions about metaphysics, but he had no metaphysical interests of his own . . . ; there was always some book between this professor and reality" (p. 310). But was not Kant precisely the one modern philosopher of note who endeavoured to do what those "three greatest metaphysicians" attempted, "to relate reality as we know it to the permanent principles in whose light all the changing problems of science, of ethics and of art have to be solved" (p. 317)? What else was Kant's Analytic of Pure Reason? And were not those three themes—knowledge, ethics, and art—the very ones of the three great *Critiques* of Kant? Surely Jove was nodding, or else rankling under the insult to the godhead in the doctrine that God is merely an idea needed by man to carry on morally! Kant should not be judged, however, by this lesser part of his philosophy.

Nor should Professor Gilson be judged by apparent lapses from a true and philosophical dogmatism, for he has great learning and insight. What he bravely hazards himself, when "face to face with the last and crucial problem" (p. 312), needs to be meditated long before it should be criticized. "What is it which the mind is bound to conceive both as belonging to all things and as not belonging to any two things in the same way?" The answer is a simple one, Being. But the question is framed in such a way that

solutions are possible for some of the old, hard problems of those ill-fated experiments. It is possible to see how universals are real and how there can be genuine causality. The knowledge of Being, too, is seen to involve a double character of mind, corresponding to that of reality, an intellectual intuition of universal being and a discursive reason which "slowly builds up from experience a determinate knowledge of concrete reality" (p. 314). It is the hasty generalization of some such particular science that has always been man's great mistake in philosophizing. Man must realize that he knows reality only in such limited forms or orders, each with its own essence which is not to be taken without more ado to be the essence of anything else, much less the whole nature and compass of Being. A metaphysics of this sort makes for "open inquiry" and discovery. Here, indeed, is a philosophy of the wide-open Universe. It safeguards knowledge from the fixity of totalitarian systems which cannot admit any radical novelty but must eventually explode and dissolve into nothing when the pressure of fresh experience becomes too great. Metaphysics has, therefore, as "its permanent duty to order and to regulate an ever wider area of scientific knowledge, and to judge ever more complex problems of human conduct . . . , to keep the old sciences in their natural limits, to assign their places, and their limits, to new sciences; last, not least, to keep all human activities, however changing their circumstances, under the sway of the same reason by which alone man remains the judge of his own works, and, after God, the master of his own destiny" (p. 319). That final note would have pleased William James, as it will hearten many of our contemporaries.

STUDIES IN CANADIAN DISUNITY*

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

In 1939, if we are not in the midst of another European war, Canadians will be celebrating the centenary of Lord Durham's Report. Canadians who are honest with themselves will then

*_Canada Looks Abroad_, by R. A. MacKay and E. B. Rogers, Oxford, 1938, $3.00.

Canada Today: A Study of the National Interests and National Policy, by F. R. Scott, Oxford, 1938, $1.25.

admit, if we are not in the midst of another European war, that the chief reason for our inferiority to our American neighbours does not lie in geography or climate or natural resources, but in the fact that they wrote their Declaration of Independence in one clear decisive document of 1776 and proceeded to act upon it immediately, whereas we have been engaged in drafting our Declaration for a hundred years. We haven't yet got it ready for publication; committees and sub-committees are still fussing over it, striking out some offensive word here and adding a qualifying clause there; and one may doubt whether the last revising committee will have a Thomas Jefferson upon it to lick the document into proper shape before it is issued to the world. The disunity which paralyses our national will to-day, in domestic as well as in external policies, is ultimately due to the fact that we have never been unified by the responsibilities of independence. In fact, it would be true to say of our one hundred years' progress towards the goal that we have achieved our independence in the same way as the British are said to have won their empire, in a long fit of absence of mind. So, in mid-September, 1938, Canadians had not yet made up their minds whether they were simple colonials or whether they were a people with a mind to make up.

It would have been useful in the war hysteria which threatened to sweep the country in mid-September (and I haven't the slightest idea whether it is safe to speak of war hysteria in the past tense in this way) if more Canadians had read the two admirable books on Canadian foreign policy which have been published this year under the sponsorship of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. It is, at any rate, encouraging that the Institute, an organization in which is concentrated the distilled quintessence of Canadian respectability and timidity, should have ventured the publication of two such frank discussions. Both books cover the same ground and emphasize very much the same points in their analysis. They start with the basis of the geography, natural resources, and population of Canada, and then go on to discuss our political and economic relations with Great Britain, the United States, the League of Nations, and the world at large, and to make clear the conflicting ideas and policies which have emerged in Canada on these subjects. The two books differ in that Messrs MacKay and Rogers have more room for spacious treatment and are therefore able to give a very valuable historical account of Canadian policy

since the beginning of the century, as well as to indulge themselves to their hearts' content in the professorial vice of "on the one hand . . . on the other hand." Mr Scott's book is more concise and clear-cut, though this reviewer can testify that it was a better production in its original manuscript form before Institute committees had blurred its edges and blunted its points.

Rational discussions of Canadian foreign policy are useless in the present excited state of the world if they do not lead their readers to reach by a rational process some definite conclusions. The pace of world developments is compelling us in Canada to make decisions as to our action. Messrs MacKay and Rogers have deliberately written their book so as to lead up to no conclusion whatsoever. The conclusion to which Mr Scott's whole line of reasoning leads has been obscured by his revising committees because it is not the conclusion favoured by the Imperialists who make up the great majority of the Canadian Institute. In such circumstances, if a war crisis at some near date confronts Canada, the contribution of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs to the enlightenment of their fellow Canadians may not have amounted to much more than telling us that the whole country is in a state of "chassis." And whatever decision we may make as to action will be based, not upon a realistic analysis of our interests, but upon appeals to emotion and prejudice. Or rather, to speak more precisely, certain interest-groups possessing a clear conception of their own interest and a habit of getting their own way, will impose a decision upon the rest of the country by appeals to emotion and prejudice.

These two books were written before the European crisis of this September, before even the crisis of last May. Reading through them in the middle of September one had the feeling that some sections of them were already obsolete. The division of Canadian opinion into three schools of thought, which both books made, was obviously obsolete. Non-interventionists, advocates of Collective Security, and British Imperialists rearranged themselves overnight, on the announcement of Mr Chamberlain's trip to Berchtesgaden, into those who wanted to take part in the next British war and those who wanted to stay out of it. The Sleeping Beauty of the League slumbered peacefully in her Geneva palace, and everyone now knows that she will continue to slumber there until awakened by some new American Prince Charming—after the next war.

The League was the last contribution of nineteenth-century liberalism to our unhappy twentieth-century civilization. It has failed for the same reason that liberalism has failed everywhere. In the international as in the national sphere, a community based upon discussion and toleration and compromise cannot survive in our day unless it is able to impose controls upon the economic anarchy of our life; but the whole intellectual heritage of our liberals makes them shrink from such controls. So in their distress they are willing to clutch at whatever system of alliance the British government may eventually accomplish, and to label it Collective Security.

I should say also that Canadian opinion, and especially the opinion of younger Canadians, is being more and more affected by one major aspect of world developments to which neither of these books pays much attention. Younger Canadians are apt to be disrespectful and cynical about the British connection, but they are being deeply stirred by the challenge to democracy which they can see all around them beyond the boundaries of Canada. The long agony of Spain and the attempted murder of Czecho-Slovakia are having, I suspect, a much more revolutionary effect upon the minds of younger English-speaking Canadians than all the oratory about the League since 1920. (Everyone who has been in touch with the youth of the depression 1930's knows that the League idea never moved any but a few natural-born boy orators.) And on this great world issue of democracy *versus* fascism, the younger French-speaking Canadians are being lined up in the fascist camp. This is a feature of contemporary Canada which threatens far more serious results than any of the other disunities within the community with which our authors deal.

But the overwhelming feeling which forced itself upon one on reading these two books in the middle of the German-Czech crisis was that they were both examples of the survival of nineteenth-century intellectualism in professorial circles. Though I had read them before and found them very satisfactory, they now seemed strangely inadequate. It became evident that an adequate treatment of our Canadian confusion could be written only in the style of Thurman Arnold's *Folklore of Capitalism*. We Canadians will never be intelligible to ourselves until some Canadian Arnold has written a Folklore of British Imperialism and studied the British connection as a living organism with its developed mythology and

ritual and creeds, its taboos and superstitions. He would have to show how this established "folklore" has been growing more and more unsatisfactory in recent decades and has therefore been defended with the more passionate insistence by the elders and medicine-men of the tribe. But he would also have to show why no new "folklore" has replaced it, because new "folklore" develops only along with new organizations which meet new needs more efficiently than the old organizations. And in Canada we have had no Roosevelt to become the nucleus of a new social mythology. It would be too much, however, to expect such a book under Institute auspices. For the activities of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs would be part of the "folklore" to be studied.

THE VICTORIANS AND OURSELVES*

R. K. Gordon

Mr Routh will be remembered by Trinity undergraduates of thirty years ago as a very lively member of the staff and as an interesting, energetic lecturer on English, French, and Latin. In recent years he has been known to readers of *The Year's Work in English Studies* as an authority on nineteenth-century literature.

This book—its full and rather odd title is *Towards the Twentieth Century: Essays in the Spiritual History of the Nineteenth*—is solid, learned, and highly interesting. It covers some of the same ground as Mr Routh's shorter and slighter book, *Money, Morals and Manners as Revealed in Modern Literature* (1935). Not an ordinary literary history and not a portrayal of the social or political scene, the present volume might stand on the shelf between Professor Elton's *Survey of English Literature, 1830-1880* and Mr G. M. Young's *Portrait of an Age*. Perhaps it does not quite deserve to be in such good company. It is heavier going and more solemn than the other two books; and its English occasionally lapses into learned jargon of this sort: "a kind of physical vitality, so immaterialised that it finds its proper scope in the superphysical, energising the intellect."

**Towards the Twentieth Century: Essays in the Spiritual History of the Nineteenth*, by H. V. Routh, Cambridge University Press (Toronto, Macmillan Co. of Canada), 1937, $7.00.

The book covers the period from Newman's *Tracts* to Butler's *Way of All Flesh*. It does not supply a clear, confident answer to the question: What is Victorianism? Indeed, one of the merits of Mr Routh's enquiry is that he does not offer us a tag or label to stick on the age. On the contrary, he makes clear its rich variety of doctrines, principles, and ideals by his sketches, admirable, brief, and independent, of the careers and ideas of some of the greatest and most representative Victorian writers. He confines himself to those who have, or who were thought by their contemporaries to have, some claim to be thinkers. Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, and other entertainers are, therefore, passed over because they offer "no special guidance on the arts and duties of life." Mr Routh writes for "those who expect more from literature than the pleasures of the imagination and of expressiveness;" and his main purpose, he tells us, is to find help in the Victorian sages for the difficulties of our own day. The results of Mr Routh's search are not always encouraging. Newmanism is dismissed as something fit to be relegated to museums and lecture-rooms. Tennyson is "in the highest sense a failure" (whatever that means); and Browning "is more a sign of the times than an influence in their fulfilment." Carlyle's "failure completes the impression that there was something specially uncongenial and disconcerting in that epoch, from which we perhaps are still suffering." It is not that Mr Routh yields to what he calls the "rather ignoble temptation to belittle the achievement of these geniuses whom we can no longer imitate." When he speaks of them purely as literary artists, which is not often, he is generous in praise, but his main business is with the value (if any) which their teaching still holds for us. His verdict is that as moralists they protest too much; that they did not convince themselves or their contemporaries, and that they have nothing very profitable for our generation. There is nothing startlingly new in that conclusion.

Mr Routh takes 1859, the year of Mill's *Liberty* and of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, as a dividing year, a sort of watershed separating two landscapes. He singles out Mill's essay as marking the beginning of the disintegration of mid-Victorianism, as being "the chief clue to the dissolution which would have ensued without his agency." The break-up of mid-Victorian culture is described in Mr Routh's later chapters. The influence on prose fiction, especially the disheartening effects, of the new scientific ideas is traced

in the gloomy novels of Gissing and Hardy. The more cheerful Meredith is also dealt with, but not very sympathetically. His novels and poems, Mr Routh tells us, "are nearly forgotten."

Some of Mr Routh's verdicts would be different if his main concern was the appreciation of literary skill. But, even as it is, one feels disposed to question some judgments. The *Idylls* are condemned because Tennyson was "content to follow Malory and the romantic tradition" instead of giving a realistic picture of life in the Dark Ages. But surely the trouble is not that the *Idylls* are romance, but that they are not good enough romance. "Browning," Mr Routh says, "believed in a second chance on earth." Some words of the dying Pompilia ("No work begun shall ever pause for death") are wrongly interpreted to support this assertion. Does *Middlemarch* deserve to be called a "heavy and at times even wearisome" novel? Henry James is treated with contempt as a mere clever technician. Conrad, who boasted that he "never went into steam," would not have liked Mr Routh's remark that he "had studied life in contact with the biggest and most industrialised machines of the age," that is, in large passenger steamships.

Two slips or misprints may be noted. Newman found thirty-nine "blots" in Kingsley's accusations, not thirty-eight as Mr Routh says (p. 73). This mistake robs Newman of the maliciously suggested comparison with the Articles. Thomas Aquinas appears oddly (p. 251) as *Doctor Anglicus*.

But in spite of some questionable statements and verdicts Mr Routh's book has real value. He has approached the literature in his own way, and many of his essays are packed with fresh suggestive comments. The pages on J. A. Froude are a good example. Some of the great Victorians fail to pass the examination he sets them, but that is because he pays them the compliment of asking more than they can give. It should be mentioned also that he discusses some foreign writers and thus links the movement of thought in England with that on the Continent. Mr Routh is thoroughly justified in hoping that his book "may be of use to serious students of the nineteenth century."